

(2)
H A M L E T,

Prince of DENMARK:

A

T R A G E D Y.

As it is now Acted

By His MAJESTY'S Servants.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

**Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON, T. LONGMAN,
C. HITCH, and the Rest of the Proprietors.**

MDCCL.



Dramatis Personæ.

C laudius, <i>King of Denmark,</i>	<i>Mr. Bickerstaff.</i>
' Fortinbras, <i>King of Norway.</i>	
Hamlet, <i>Son of the former King,</i>	<i>Mr. Wilkes.</i>
Polonius, <i>Lord Chamberlain,</i>	<i>Mr. Crofs.</i>
Horatio, <i>Friend to Hamlet,</i>	<i>Mr. Mills.</i>
Laertes, <i>Son to Polonius,</i>	<i>Mr. Ryan.</i>
Rofencraus, } <i>Courtiers,</i>	{ <i>Mr. Wilkes, jun.</i> <i>Mr. Quin.</i>
Guiltenstern, }	
' Voltimand.	
' Cornelius.	
Ostrick, a <i>Fop,</i>	<i>Mr. Bowen.</i>
Marcellus, an <i>Officer,</i>	<i>Mr. Shepherd.</i>
Bernardo, }	
Francisco, } <i>Two Centinels.</i>	
' Reynaldo, <i>Servant to Polonius.</i>	
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father,</i>	<i>Mr. Booth.</i>
Lucianus,	<i>Mr. Norris.</i>
<i>Two Grave-diggers,</i>	{ <i>Mr. Johnson.</i> <i>Mr. Leigh.</i>
Gertrude, <i>Queen of Denmark, and</i>	{ <i>Mrs. Porter.</i> <i>Mrs. Santlow.</i>
<i>Mother to Hamlet,</i>	
Ophelia, <i>Daughter to Polonius, in love</i>	
<i>with Hamlet,</i>	
<i>Ladies attending on the Queen.</i>	

SCENE ELSINOOR.

This Play being too long to be acted upon the Stage, such Lines as are left out in the Acting, are marked thus '.



H A M L E T, Prince of DENMARK.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *An open Place before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

B E R N A R D O.

HO's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King.

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your Hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to Bed, *Francisco.*

Fran. For this Relief, much Thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, good-night. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them. Stand ho, who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane.*

Fran. Good-night.

Mar. Farewel, honest Soldier; who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. Bernardo has my Place: good-night. *Ex. Fran.*

Mar. Holla, Bernardo.

Ber. Say, what! is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A Piece of him.

Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this Thing appear'd again to-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but a Phantasy,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,
Touching the dreadful Sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. 'Twill not appear.

Ber. 'Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we have two Nights seen.

Hor. Well, 'fit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last Night of all,
When yon same Star, that's Westward from the Pole,
Had made his Course t'enlighten that Part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,
The Bell then beating one ———

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off;
Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. 'Thou art a Scholar,' speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. 'Looks it not like the King? Mark it *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like:' it startles me with Fear and Wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this Time of Night,
Together with that fair and warlike Form
In which the Majesty of bury'd *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [*Ex. Ghost.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale;
Is not this something more than Phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor.

Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true Avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' ambitious *Norway* he combated:

' So frown'd he once, when in an angry Parle

' He smote the fledged Pole-ax on the Ice:

' 'Tis strange' ———

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at the same Hour,
With martial Stalk hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular Thought to work, I know not;
But in the Scope of mine Opinion,
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray tell me he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subject of the Land?

' And why such daily cost of brazen Cannon,

' And foreign Mart for Implements of War?

' Why such Impress of Shipwrights, whose fore Task

' Does not divide the *Sunday* from the Week?

' What might be toward, that this sweaty Haste

Doth make the Night joint Labourer with the Day?

' Who is't that can inform me?'

Hor. That can I;

' At least the Whisfer goes so.' Our last King,

Whose Image ev'n but now appear'd to us,

Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,

' Thereto prickt on by a most emulent Pride,

Dar'd to the Combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*

' (For so this Side of our known World esteem'd him)

Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who by a seal'd Compact,

Well ratify'd by Law and Heraldry,

Did forfeit (with his Life) all these his Lands,

' Which he stood seiz'd on, to the Conqueror:

' Against the which a Moiety competent

' Was gaged by our King, which had return'd

' To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

' Had he been Vanquisher: As by the same Compact,

' And Carriage of the Articles Design,

' His fell to *Hamlet*. Now, Sir, young *Fortinbras*,

' Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,

Hath in the Skirts of *Norway*, here and there,

Shark'd up a List of lawless Resolutes,

For

' For Food and Diet, to some Enterprize
 ' That hath a Stomach in't; which is no other,
 ' As it doth well appear unto our State,
 ' But' to recover ' of us by strong Hand,
 ' And Terms compulsive,' those aforefaid Lands
 So by his Father lost. And this, I take it,
 Is the main Motive of our Preparations,
 ' The Source of this our Watch, and the chief Head
 ' Of this Post-haste, and Romage in the Land.'

Ber. I think it is no other, but even so;
 Well may it fort, that this portentous Figure
 Comes armed through our Watch so like the King
 That was, and is the Question of the Wars.

Hor. ' A Mote it is to trouble the Mind's Eye.
 ' In the most high and flourishing State of *Rome*,
 ' A little ere the mightiest *Julius* fell,
 ' The Grave stood tenantless, and the sheeted Dead
 ' Did squeak and gibber in the *Roman* Streets,
 ' Stars shone with Trains of Fire, Dewes of Blood fell,
 ' Disasters veil'd the Sun, and the moist Star,
 ' Upon whose Influence *Neptune's* Empire stands,
 ' Was sick almost to Doomsday with Eclipse;
 ' And ev'n the like Precurse of fierce Events,
 ' As Harbingers preceding still the Fates,
 ' And Prologue to the Omen coming on,
 ' Have Heaven and Earth together demonstrated
 ' Unto our Climatures and Countrymen.'

Enter Ghost.

But soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
 I'll cross it, tho' it blast me. Stay, Illusion!

[Spreading his Arms.]

If thou hast any Sound, or Use of Voice,
 Speak to me—If there be any good thing to be done,
 That may to thee do Ease, and Grace to me? speak to me.
 If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
 Which happily foreknowing may avoid, Oh speak!—
 Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life
 Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth,
 For which, they say, you Sp'rits oft walk in Death,

[Cock crows.]

Speak of it. Stay and speak—Stop it, *Marcellus*.—

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Ber. 'Tis here—

Hor.

Prince of Denmark.

7

Hor. 'Tis here ———

Mar. 'Tis gone. ———

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the Shew of Violence;
It is ever, as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak, when the Cock crew,

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day; and at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confinement. And of the Truth herein,
' This present object made Probation.

Mar. ' It faded at the Crowing of the Cock.
' Some say, that ever 'gainst that Season comes,
' Wherein our Saviour's Birth is celebrated,
' This Bird of Dawning singeth all Night long:
' And then, they say, no Sp'rit dares stir abroad,
' The Nights are wholesome; then no Planets strike,
' No fairy takes, no Witch hath Pow'r to charm;
' So hallow'd, and so gracious is that Time.

Hor. ' So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the Morn in russet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high Eastern Hill;
Break we our Watch up, and by my Advice
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: Perhaps

This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
' Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
' As needful in our Loves, fitting our Duty?'

Mar. Let's do't, I pray, and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [Exeunt]

SCENE II. The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, ' Volti-
mand, Cornelius, Gentlemen and Guards.

King. Tho' yet of Hamlet our dear Brother's Death
The Memory be green, and that it us besitteth
To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe;

Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature
 That we with wisest Sorrow think on him,
 Together with Remembrance of Ourselves.
 Therefore, our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
 Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
 Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated Joy,
 ' With one auspicious, and one dropping Eye,
 ' With Mirth in Funeral, and with Dirge in Marriage,
 ' In equal Scale weighing Delight and Dole,'
 Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
 Your better Wifdoms, which have freely gone
 With this Affair along; 'for all our Thanks
 ' Now follows, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
 ' Holding a weak Supposal of our Worth,
 ' Or thinking by our late dear Brother's Death,
 ' Our State to be disjoint, and out of Frame,
 ' Collegued with this Dream of his Advantage,
 ' He hath not fail'd to pester us with Message,
 ' Importing the Surrender of those Lands
 ' Lost by his Father, with all Bonds of Law,
 ' To our most valiant Brother: So much for him.
 ' Now for Ourselves, and for this Time of Meeting:
 ' Thus much the Business is; We have here writ
 ' To *Norway*, Uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
 ' Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
 ' Of this his Nephew's Purpose, to suppress
 ' His further Gate herein, in that the Levies,
 ' The Lifts, and full Proportions are all made
 ' Out of his Subjects; and we now dispatch
 ' You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
 Ambassadors to *Norway*,
 ' Giving to you no further personal Power
 ' Of Treaty with the King, more than the Scope
 ' Of these dilated Articles allow.
 ' Farewel, and let your Haste commend your Duty.
 ' *Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, will we shew our Duty.
 ' *King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell.

' *Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*

' And now, *Laertes*, what's the News with you?
 ' You told us of some Suit; what is't, *Laertes*?
 ' You cannot speak of Reason to the *Dane*,
 ' And lose your Voice: What would'st thou beg, *Laertes*,
 ' That shall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
 ' The Head is not more native to the Heart,

' The

- The Hand more instrumental to the Mouth,
- Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy Father.
- What would'st thou have, *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear Lord,

Your Leave and Favour to return to *France*;
From whence, tho' willingly, I came to *Denmark*,
To shew my Duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that Duty done,
My Thoughts and Wishes bend again tow'rs *France*,

- And bow them to your gracious Leave and Favour?

King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says *Polonius*!

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by labourfom Petition,
Wrung from me my slow Leave; and at the last,
Upon his Will I seal'd my hard Consent:

- I do beseech you give him Leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, *Laertes*, Time be thine,

- And thy best Graces; spend it at thy Will.

But now, my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son —

Ham. A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord; I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nightly Colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.

Do not for ever, with thy veiled Lids,

Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;

Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,

Passing thro' Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee!

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay, it is; I know not Seems:

'Tis not alone this mourning Suit, good Mother,

• Nor customary Suits of solemn Black,

• Nor windy Suspiration of forc'd Breath,

• No, nor the fruitful River in the Eye,

• Nor the dejected Haviour of the Visage,

Together with all Forms, Modes, Shapes of Grief,

That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,

• For they are Actions that a Man might play;

But I have that within, which passeth Shew,

These but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe:

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature, *Hamlet*,

To give these mourning Duties to your Father:

But you must know, your Father lost a Father,

That Father lost, lost his, and the Survivor bound
In filial Obligation for some Term

To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere

In obstinate Condolement, does express

An impious Stubborness; 'tis unmanly Grief.

' It shews a Will most incorrect to Heaven :

' A Heart unfortify'd, a Mind impatient,

' An Understanding simple and unschool'd :

' For what we know must be, and is as common

' As any the most vulgar thing to Sense,

' Why should we in our peevish Opposition,

' Take it to Heart? Fie! 'tis a Fault to Heav'n

' A Fault against the Dead, a Fault to Nature,

' To Reason most absurd, whose common Theme

' Is Death of Fathers, and who still hath cry'd

' From the first Course, till he that died to-day,

' This must be so.' We pray you, throw to Earth

This unprevailing Woe, and think of us

As of a Father; and let the World take Note,

You are the most immediate to our Throne :

' And with no less Nobility of Love,

' Than that which dearest Father bears his Son,

' Do I impart towards you : For your Intent,

' In going back to school to *Wittenberg*,

' It is most retrograde to our Desire :

' And we beseech you, bend you to remain

' Here in the Chear and Comfort of our Eye,

' Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.'

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet* ;

I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair Reply,

Be as Ourself in *Denmark*. Madam, come,

This gentle and unforc'd Accord of *Hamlet*

Sits smiling to my Heart; in Grace whereof,

No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks to day,

But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell,

' And the King's Rouse, the Heav'n shall bruit again,

' Re-speaking earthly Thunder. Come away.' [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too, too solid Flesh would melt,

Thaw, and resolve itself into a Dew ;

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd

His Canon 'gainst Self-Murder!

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the Uses of this World!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden,
That grows to Seed; Things rank and gross in Nature
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
But two Months dead! nay, not so much, not two ———
So excellent a King, 'that was to this,
'Hyperion to a Satyr!' So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly! 'Heaven and Earth!
'Must I remember?' — why she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet within a Month! ———
Let me not think on't — Frailty, thy Name is Woman:
A little Month! — 'or ere those Shoes were old,
'With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
'Like *Niobe*, all Tears — Why she, ev'n she ———
'O Heav'n! A Beast that wants Discourse of Reason,
'Would have mourn'd longer' — married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother; but, no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*. 'Within a Month!
'Ere yet the Salt of most unrighteous Tears
'Had left the Flushing in her galled Eyes,
'She marry'd. O most wicked Speed! to post
'With such Dexterity t'incestuous Sheets:
'It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
'But break, my Heart, for I must hold my Tongue.'

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship.

Ham. I'm glad to see you well:

Horatio? or I forget myself.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor Servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend; I'll change that Name
with you:

And what makes you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*

Marcellus! ———

Mar. My good Lord! ———

Ham. I'm very glad to see you; good Ev'n, Sir.
But what, in faith, makes you from *Wittenberg?*

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not have your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that Violence,
To be a Witness of your own Report
Against yourself. I know you are no Truant;

But what is your Affair in *Elfinoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Fun'ral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow-Student;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, Thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd Meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage-tables:

Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,

Ere I had seen that Day, *Horatio*.

My Father, ——— methinks I see my Father:

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! Who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Defer your Admiration for a-while

With an attentive Ear, till I deliver,

Upon the Witness of these Gentlemen,

This Wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,

Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch,

In the dead Waste, and middle of the Night,

Been thus encounter'd: A Figure like your Father,

And arm'd exactly *Cap-à-pie*,

Appears before them, and with solemn March

Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,

By their oppress'd and fear-surprized Eyes,

Within my Rapier's Length; whilst they, be-still'd

Almost to Jelly with their Fear,

Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me

In dreadful Secrecy impart they did,

And I with them the third Night kept the Watch;

Where, as they had deliver'd both in Time,

Form of the Thing, each Word made true and good,

The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:

These Hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we watch'd.

Ham.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did.

But Answer made it none; yet once methought

It lifted up its Head, and did address

Itself to Motion, like as it would speak:

But even then the Morning Cock crew loud;

And at the Sound it shrunk in Haste away,

And vanish'd from our Sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange!

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;

And we did think it then our Duty

To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch to-night?

Both. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From Top to Toe?

Both. From Head to Foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his Face?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A Count'nance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale

Ham. And fix'd his Eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; staid it long.

Hor. While one with mod'rate haste might tell a hundred,

All. Longer, longer,

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grised?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Life,
A Sable-silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night, perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, my Lord, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,

I'll speak to it, tho' Hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all,

If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight,

Let it require your Silence still:

And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,

Give it an Understanding, but no Tougue ;
I will requite your Loves. So fare ye well ;
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

All. Our Duty to your Honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you : Farewel.
My Father's Spirit in Arms ! All is not well ;
I doubt some foul Play ; would the Night were come ;
Till then sit still, my Soul : foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them from Mens Eyes. [*Ex.*

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are imbark'd, farewell :
And, Sister, as the Winds permit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

Oph. Do not doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the Trifling of his Favour,
Hold it a Fashion and a Toy in Blood,
A Violet in the Youth and Prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting,
The Perfume of a Minute.

Oph. No more but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :

* For Nature crescent does not grow alone.
* In Thews and Bulk ; but as this Temple waxes,
* The inward Service of the Mind and Soul
* Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves thee now,
* And now no Soil nor Cautel doth besmerch
* The Virtue of his Will : but you must fear :
* His Greatness weigh'd, his Will is not his own :
* For he himself is subject to his Birth,
He may not, as inferior Persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his Choice depends
The Sanctity and Health of this whole State.
* And therefore must his Choice be circumscrib'd
* Unto the Voice and Yielding of that Body,
* Whereof he is the Head. Then if he says he loves you,
* It fits your Wisdom so far to believe it,
* As he in his peculiar Act and Place
* May give this Saying Deed : which is no further,
* Than the main Voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,
If with your cred'lous Ear you hear his Passion,
* Or lose your Heart, or your chaste Treasure open

* To

' To his unmaster'd Importunity.'

Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Sister,

' And keep within the Rear of your Affection,

' Out of the Shot and Danger of Desire.'

The chariest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon :

' Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious Strokes,

' The Canker galls the Infant of the Spring

' Too oft before the Buttons be disclos'd ;

' And in the Morn and liquid Dew of Youth,

' Contagious Blastsments are most imminent.

' Be wary then, best Safety lies in Fear ;

' Youth to itself rebels, tho' none else near.'

Opp. I shall th' Effect of this good Lesson keep

About my Heart : But, good Brother,

Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,

Shew me the steep and thorny Way to Heaven ;

Whilst, like a Libertine,

Himself the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads,

' And reaks not his own Reed.'

Laer. Oh, fear me not,

I stay too long ; but here my Father comes :

Enter Polonius.

' A double Blessing is a double Grace ;

' Occasion smiles upon a second Leave.'

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes* ! aboard, aboard for shame,

' The Wind sits in the Shoulder of your Sail,

' And you are staid for there. My Blessing with you,

' And these few Precepts in thy Memory,

' See thou character : Give thy Thoughts no Tongue,

' Nor any unproportion'd Thought his Act :

' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar ;

' The Friends thou hast, and their Adoption try'd

' Grapple them to thy Soul with Hoops of Steel :

' But do not dull thy Palm, with Entertainment

' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd Comrade. Beware

' Of Entrance to a Quarrel ; but being in,

' Bear't that th' Opposer may beware of thee.

' Give ev'ry Man thine Ear, but few thy Voice ;

' Take each Man's Censure, but reserve thy Judgment.

' Costly thy Habit as thy Purse can buy,

' But not express'd in Fancy ; rich, nor gaudy :

' For the Apparel oft proclaims the Man.

' And they in *France*, of the best Rank and Station,

' Are

- * Are most select and gen'rous, chief in that;
- * Neither a Borrower nor a Lender be;
- * For Loan oft loses both itself and Friend;
- * And borrowing dulls the Edge of Husbandry.
- * This above all, to thine own self be true;
- * And it must follow, as the Night the Day,
- * Thou can'st not then be false to any Man.
- * Farewel, my Blessing season this in thee.

Laer. Most humbly I do take my leave, my Lord.

Pol. The Time invites you, go, your Servants tend.

Laer. Farewel, *Opbelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Opb. 'Tis in my Memory lockt,
And you yourself shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewel.

[*Exit Laer.*]

Pol. What is't, *Opbelia*, he has said to you?

Opb. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought;

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Giv'n private Time to you; and you yourself
Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.

If it be so, as so it seems to be,

And that in way of Caution, I must tell you,

You do not understand yourself so clearly,

As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.

What is between you? give me up the Truth.

Opb. He hath, my Lord, of late made many Tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfitted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders, as he calls them?

Opb. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a Baby,
That you have ta'en these Tenders for true Pay,
Which are not Sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;

* Or (not to crack the Wind of this poor Phrase,

* Wringing it thus") you'll tender me a Fool.

Opb. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with Love,
In honourable Fashion.

Pol. Ay, Fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

Opb. And hath giv'n Count'nance to his Speech, my
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. (Lord,

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul

Lends.

Lends the Tongue Vows: 'These Blazes, Daughter,
 ' Giving more Light than Heat, extinct in both,
 ' Ev'n in their Promise, as it is a making,
 ' You must not take for Fire. From this Time, Daughter,
 ' Be somewhat scanted of your Maiden Presence,
 ' Set your Entreatments at a higher Rate,
 ' Than a Command to parley: For Lord Hamlet,
 ' Believe so much in him, that he is young,
 ' And with a larger Tether may he walk,
 ' Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
 ' Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers,
 ' Not of that Dye, which their Investments shew,
 ' But mere Imploers of unholy Suits,
 ' Breathing like sanctify'd and pious Bawds,
 ' The better to beguile.' This is for all:

I would not in plain Terms, from this time forth,
 Have you so slander any Moment's Leisure,
 As to give Words, or talk with the Lord Hamlet:
 Look to't, I charge you; come your way.

Oph. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What Hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of Twelve.

Mar. No, it has struck.

Hor. I heard it not: Then it draws near the Season,
 Wherein the Spirit held his Wont to walk.

[*Noise of warlike Musick within.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake to Night, and takes his Rouse,
 ' Keeps Wassel, and the swagg'ring Upspring reels;
 And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,
 The Kettle-Drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
 The Triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom?

Ham. Ah marry is't:

But to my Mind, tho' I am native here,
 And to the Manner born, it is a Custom
 More honour'd in the Breach than the Observance.

' This heavy-headed Revel, East and West,

' Makes

' Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other Nations :
 ' They clepe us Drunkards, and with swinish Praise
 ' Soil our Addition ; and indeed it takes
 ' From our Atchievements, tho' perform'd at Height,
 ' The Pith and Marrow of our Attribute.
 ' So oft it changes in partic'lar Men,
 ' That for some vitious Mole of Nature in them
 ' As in their Birth, wherein they are not guilty,
 ' (Since Nature cannot chuse his Origin)
 ' By their O'er-growth of some Complexion
 ' Oft breaking down the Pales and Forts of Reason ;
 ' Or by some Habit that too much o'er-leuens
 ' The Form of plaufive Manners, that these Men
 ' Carrying, I say, the Stamp of one Defect,
 ' Being Nature's Livery, or Fortune's Star,
 ' His Virtues else, be they as pure as Grace,
 ' As infinite as Man may undergo
 ' Shall in the general Censure take Corruption.
 ' From that partic'lar Fault : The Dram of Ease
 ' Doth all the noble Substance of a Doubt
 ' To his own Scandal.'

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my Lord, where it comes.

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us !
 Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd ;
 Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n, or Blasts from Hell ;
 Be thy Intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape
 That I will speak to thee : I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
 King, Father, Royal Dane ; Oh ! answer me,
 Let me not burst in Ignorance ; but tell
 Why thy canoniz'd Bones, hearf'd in Death,
 Have burst their Cearments ? why the Sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
 To cast thee up again ? What may this mean,
 That thou dead Corse, again in complete Steel,
 Revisit'st thus the Glimples of the Moon,
 Making Night hideous ? And we Fools of Nature
 So horribly to shake our Disposition
 With Thoughts beyond the Reaches of our Souls :
 Say, Why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

[*Ghost beckons Ham.*

Hor.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some Impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It waves you to a more removed Ground;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*]

Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the Fear?
I value not my Life;

And for my Soul, what can it do to that,
Being a Thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again, I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempts you tow'nds the Flood, my Lord,
Or to the dreadful Border of the Cliff,
'That bettels o'er his Base into the Sea,'
And there assume some other horrid Form,
'Which might deprive your Sovereignty of Reason,'
And draw you into Madness? 'Think of it,
'The very Place puts Toys of Desperation,
'Without more Motive, into every Brain,
'That looks so many Fathoms to the Sea,
'And hears it roar beneath.'

Ham. It waves me still;
Go on, I'll follow thee.

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hands.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. my Fate cries out,
And makes each petty Art'ry in this Body,
As hardy as the *Nemean* Lion's Nerve:
Still I am call'd; unhand me, Gentlemen.

By Heav'n I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me:

I say away: Go on, I'll follow thee. [*Ex. Gh. and Ham.*]

Hor. He grows desperate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. To what Issue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark*.

Hor. Heav'n will discover it.

Mar. Nay let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no

Ghost. Mark me.

[*further.*]

Ham.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My Hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting Flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious Hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge what thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy Father's Spirit,
Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,
And for the Day confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away: But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison-house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word,
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
And each partic'lar Hair to stand an end
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine;
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To Ears of Flesh and Blood: list, list, O list,
If thou did'st ever thy dear Father love.

Ham. O Heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnat'ral Murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with Wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

'And duller should'st thou be than the fat Weed
'That roots itself in Ease on *Leibe's* Wharf,
'Wouldst thou not stir in this.' Now, *Hamlet*, hear,
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my Garden,
A Serpent stung me: so the whole Ear of *Denmark*,
Is by a forged Process of my Death
Rankly abus'd. But know, thou noble Youth,
The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Heart,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my prophetic Soul; my Uncle!

Ghost.

Prince of Denmark.

21

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adult'rate Beast,
' With Witchcraft of his Wits, with trait'rous Gifts,
' O wicked Wits, and Gifts that have the Power
' So to seduce!' won to his shameful Lust
The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
' O *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there
' From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,
' That it went hand in hand even with the Vow
' I made to her in Marriage? and to decline
' Upon a Wretch, whose nat'ral Gifts were poor
' To those of mine: but Virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
' Tho' Lewdness court it in a Shape of Heav'n;
' So Vice, tho' to a radiant Angel link'd,
' Will fort itself in a celestial Bed,
' And prey on Garbage.'

But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air,
Brief let me be: Sleeping within my Garden,
My Custom always of the Afternoon,
Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole
With Juice of curst Hebona in a Phyal,
And in the Porches of my Ears did pour
The leperous Distilment, whose Effects
Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,
That swift as Quicksilver it courses thro'
The nat'ral Gates and Alleys of the Body;
And with a sudden Vigour does possess
' And curd, like eager Droppings into Milk,'
The thin and wholsom Blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant Tetter bark'd about,
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome Crust,
All my smooth Body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, of Queen at once bereft,
Cut off ev'n in the Blossoms of my Sin,
' Unhousel'd, unappointed, unangel'd,'
No Reck'ning made, but sent to my Account
With all my Imperfections on my Head;
' O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!'
If thou hast Nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the Royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch for Luxury, and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design
Against thy Mother aught, leave her to Heav'n,

And

And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To gord and sting her. Fare thee well at once.
The Glow-worm shews the Morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual Fire :
Farewel, remember me.

[Exit.

Ham. ' O all you Host of Heav'n ! O Earth ! what else ?
' And shall I couple Hell ? O fie ! ' Hold, hold my Heart,
And you, my Sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me strongly up. Remember thee !
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat
In this distracted Globe ; remember thee !
Yes, from the Table of my Memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Registers of Books, all Forms and Pressures past,
That Youth and Observation copy'd there,
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain.
' Urmix'd with baser Matter ; yes, by Heaven.'
O most pernicious Woman !
O Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain !
My Tables ; meet it is, I should set down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a Villain ;
At least, I'm sure he may be so in *Denmark*. [Writing.
So, Uncle, there you are : Now to my Word,
It is, Farewel, Remember me ;
I have sworn't.

Hor. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. within. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. within. Heavens secure him !

Ham. So be it.

Hor. within. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy, come, boy, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord ?

Ham. O wonderful ?

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord.

Mar. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret. (think it ?——)

Both. As Death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villain
Dwelling in all *Denmark*,

But

But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this. (Grave,

Ham. Why right, you're in the right;
And so, without more Circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake Hands and part:
You as your Business and Desire shall point you:
For every Man hath Business and Desire,
Such as it is; and for my poor Part,
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
'Yes, faith, heartily.'

Hor. There's no Offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint *Patric*, but there is, *Horatio*:
And much Offence too: touching this Vision here,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you;
For your Desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may: And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Grant me one poor Request.

Hor. What is't my Lord? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

'*Mar.* We have sworn, my Lord, already.

'*Ham.* Indeed upon my Sword, indeed.'

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*

Ham. Ha, ha, Boy, say'st thou so? art thou there,
old True-penny?

Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Cellarage;
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost below. Swear.

Ham. Then we'll shift our Ground;
Come hither, hither, Gentlemen,
And lay your Hands again upon my Sword:
Swear by my Sword,
Never to speak of this that you have heard.

Ghost,

Ghost below. Swear.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, can't work i'th'Ground,
so fast?

A worthy Pioneer! once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. O Day and Night! but this is wondrous strange.

Ham. And therefore, as a Stranger, give it welcome:
There are more Things in Heav'n and Earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your Philosophy. But come,
Here as before, Never, so help your Mercy,
(How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,
To put an antic Disposition on,
That you at such times seeing me, ne'er shall
With Arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak'd,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,
As well, well, we know, or we could, and if we would,
Or, if we list to speak; or there be, or if there might,
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note)
That you know aught of me, this you must swear,
' So Grace and Mercy at your most Need help you.'

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, Rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;
And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is
May do, t'express his Love and Friendship to you,
Shall never fail: let us go in together,
And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray,
The Time is out of Joint: O cursed Spight,
That ever I was born to set it right!
' Nay come, let's go together.'

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T. II. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Polonius, ' with his Man.

- ' *Pol.* **G**IVE him this Money, and these two Notes,
' *Rey.* I will, my Lord. (*Reynaldo.*)
' *Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good *Reynaldo*,
' Before you visit him, to make Enquiry
' Of his Behaviour.
' *Rey.* My Lord, I did intend it. ' *Pol.*

- ‘ Pol. Marry, well said ; very well said ; look you, Sir,
- ‘ Inquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*.
- ‘ And how, and who, what Means, and where they keep,
- ‘ What Company, at what Expence : and finding
- ‘ By this Encompassment and Drift of Question,
- ‘ That they do know my Son, come you more near,
- ‘ Then your particular Demands will touch it ;
- ‘ Take you, as ’twere, some distant Knowledge of him,
- ‘ As thus, I know his Father and his Friends,
- ‘ And in part him : Do you mark this, *Reynaldo* ?
- ‘ *Rey.* Ay, very well, my Lord.
- ‘ *Pol.* And in part him, but you may say ; Not well ;
- ‘ But if it be he I mean, he’s very wild,
- ‘ Addicted so and so ; and there put on him
- ‘ What Forgeries you please ; marry none so rank
- ‘ As may dishonour him, take heed of that ;
- ‘ But, Sir, such wanton, wild and usual Slips
- ‘ As are Companions noted, and most known
- ‘ To Youth and Liberty.
- ‘ *Rey.* As Gaming, my Lord.
- ‘ *Pol.* Ay, or Drinking, Fencing, Swearing,
- ‘ Quarrelling, Drabbing ; you may go so far.
- ‘ *Rey.* My Lord, that will dishonour him.
- ‘ *Pol.* Faith, no, as you may season it i’t’h’ Charge.
- ‘ You must not put another Scandal on him,
- ‘ That he is open to Incontinency,
- ‘ That’s not my Meaning ; but breathe his Faults so
[quaintly,
- ‘ That they may seem the Taints of Liberty,
- ‘ The Flash and Out-break of a fiery Mind,
- ‘ A Savageness in unreclaimed Blood
- ‘ Of general Assault.
- ‘ *Rey.* But, my good Lord ———
- ‘ *Pol.* Wherefore should you do this ?
- ‘ *Rey.* Ay my Lord, I would know that.
- ‘ *Pol.* Marry, Sir, here’s my Drift,
- ‘ And I believe it is a Fetch of Wit :
- ‘ You laying these slight Sullies on my Son.
- ‘ As ’twere a thing a little soil’d with working,
- ‘ Mark you your Party in converse, he you would sound,
- ‘ Having ever seen in the prebminate Crimes
- ‘ The Youth you breathe of guilty, be assur’d
- ‘ He closes with you in this Consequence ;
- ‘ Good Sir (or so) Friend, or Gentleman,

‘ According to the Phrase, or the Addition

‘ Of Man and Country.

‘ *Rey.* Very good, my Lord.

‘ *Pol.* And then, Sir, does he this? he does; what was I about to say?

‘ By the Mafs I was about to say something.

‘ Where did I leave?

‘ *Rey.* At, closes in the Consequence.

‘ *Pol.* At, closes in the Consequence : Ay marry,

‘ He closes thus ; I know the Gentleman,

‘ I saw him yesterday, or th’ other day,

‘ Or then, or then, with such or such, and, as you say,

‘ There was he gaming, there o’ertook in’s Rouse,

‘ There falling out at Tennis, or perchance

‘ I saw him enter such and such a House of Sale,

‘ *Videlicet*, a Brothel, or so forth. See you now,

‘ Your Bait of Falsehood takes this Carp of Truth,

‘ And thus do we of Wisdom and of Reach,

‘ With Windlaces, and with Essays of Byas,

‘ By Indirections find Directions out :

‘ So by my former Lecture and Advice

‘ Shall you my Son : you have me, have you not?

‘ *Rey.* My Lord, I have.

‘ *Pol.* Good be t’ye, fare ye well.

‘ *Rey.* Good, my Lord.

‘ *Pol.* Observe his Inclination in your self.

‘ *Rey.* I shall, my Lord.

‘ *Pol.* And let him ply his Music.

‘ *Rey.* Well, my Lord.

[Exit Rey.]

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. ‘ Farewel.’ How now, *Ophelia*, what’s the Matter?

Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord ! I have been so affrighted—

Pol. With what?

Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Closet,
Prince *Hamlet*, ‘ with his Doublet,’ all unbrac’d,

‘ No Hat upon his Head, his Stockings loose,

‘ Ungartred, and down-gyved to his Ankle,’

Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,

And with a Look so piteous,

As if he had been sent from Hell

To speak of Horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love !

Oph. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the Wrift, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the Length of all his Arm,
And with his other Hand thus o'er his Brow
He falls to such Perusal of my Face,
As he would draw it: long staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his Way without his Eyes;
For out of Doors he went without their Helps,
And to the last bended their Light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King;
This is the very Ecstasy of Love,
' Whose violent Property forgoes itself,
' And leads the Will to desperate Undertakings,
' As oft as any Passion under Heaven,
' That does afflict our Natures. I am sorry;
' What! have you given him any hard Words of late;

Oph. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:
' I'm sorry that with better Heed and Judgment
' I had not quoted him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
' And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my Jealousy,
' It seems it is as proper to our Age
' To cast beyond ourselves in our Opinions,
' As it is common for the younger Sort
' To lack Discretion.' Come, go with me to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close, might move
More Grief to hide, than Hate to utter Love.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome good *Rosencraus*, and *Guildenstern*,
Besides that we did long to see you,
The Need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty Sending. Something you have heard

Of *Hamlet's* Transformations, 'so I call it,
 ' Sith nor th' exterior, nor the inward Man
 ' Resembles that it was ; ' what it should be
 More than his Father's Death, ' that thus hath put him
 ' So much from th' Understanding of himself, '
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
 ' That being of so young Days brought up with him,
 ' And sith so neighbour'd to his Youth and Haviour, '
 That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court,
 Some little Time, so by your Companies
 To draw him on to Pleasures, and to ' gather
 ' So much as from Occasion you may ' glean,
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 That lies within our Remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you.
 And sure I am, two Men are not living
 To whom he more adheres : if it will please you
 To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,
 As to employ your Time with us a while,
 For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,
 Your Visitation shall receive such Thanks
 As fits a King's Remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might, by the Sov'reign Power you have over us,
 Put your dread Pleasure more into Command
 Than to Intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
 And here give up ourselves in the full Bent
 To lay our Service freely at your Feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus*, and gentle *Guildenstern*.

Queen. ' Thanks *Guildenstern*, and gentle *Rosencraus*. '
 And I beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed Son : go some of you,
 And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'n make our Presence and our Practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.

[*Exeunt Ros. & Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

' *Pol.* Th' Embassadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
 ' Are joyfully return'd.

' *King.* Thou still hast been the Father of good News.

' *Pol.* Have I, my Lord ? I assure my good Leige

' I hold my Duty as I hold my Soul,

' Both to my God, and to my gracious King :

' And '

' And' I do think, or else this Brain of mine
Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure
As it has us'd to do, that I have found
The very Cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

' *Pol.* Give first Admittance to th' Embassadors:
' My News shall be the Fruit to that great Feast.

' *King.* Thyself do Grace to them, and bring them in.

[*Exit Pol.*]

' He tells me, my dear *Gertrude*, he hath found
' The Head and Source of all your Son's Distemper.

' *Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main.
' His Father's Death, and our o'er-hasty Marriage.

' *Enter Polonius and Embassadors.*

' *King.* Well, we shall sift him : welcome, my good Friends:
' Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway*?

' *Pol.* Most fair Returns of Greetings and Desire :

' Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
' His Nephew's Levies, which to him appear'd
' To be a Preparation 'gainst the *Pollack*,
' But better look'd into, he truly found
' It was against your Highness : whereat griev'd,
' That so his Sickness, Age, and Impotence
' Was falsely borne in Hand, sends out Arrests
' On *Fortinbras* ; which he in brief obeys,
' Receives Rebuke from *Norway*, and in fine,
' Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
' To give th' Assay of Arms against your Majesty :
' Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with Joy,
' Gives him three thousand Crowns in annual Fee,
' And his Commission to employ those Soldiers,
' So levied as before, against the *Pollack*,
' With an Intreaty herein further shewn,
' That it might please you to give quiet Pass
' Thro' your Dominions for this Enterprize,
' On such Regards of Safety and Allowance
' As herein are set down.

' *King.* It likes us well,
' And at our more consider'd Time we'll read,
' Answer and think upon this Business :
' Mean time we thank you for your well-took Labour.
' Go to your Rest, at Night we'll feast together :
' Most welcome home.

[*Ex. Embass.*
Pol.]

Pol. ' This Business is well ended.'
 My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
 What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
 Why Day is Day, Night Night, and Time is Time :
 Were nothing but to waste Night, Day and Time :
 Therefore Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
 And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes.
 I will be brief ; your noble Son is mad,
 Mad call I it ; for to define true Madness,
 What is't but to be nothing else but mad ?
 But let that go.

Queen. More Matter with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all.
 That he is mad, 'tis true ; 'tis true, 'tis pity ;
 And pity 'tis, 'tis true ; a foolish Figure,
 But farewell it, for I will use no Art.
 Mad let us grant him then ; and now remains
 That we find out the Cause of this Effect,
 Or rather say the Cause of this Defect,
 For this Effect defective comes by Cause :
 Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus. *Consider,*
 I have a Daughter, have, while she is mine,
 Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
 Hath given me this : now gather and surmise. *[Reads.*

To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified
Ophelia : That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase ; beautified
is a vile Phrase : but you shall hear — Thus in her ex-
cellent white Bosom, these, &c.

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her ?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt that the Stars are Fire,

Doubt that the Sun doth move,

Doubt Truth to be a Lyar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers ; I have not
Art to reckon my Groans ; but that I love thee best, O most
best, believe it : Adieu. Thine evermore, most dear Lady,
while this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shewn me,
 And more concerning his Solicitings,
 As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,
 ' All given to mine Ear.'

King. But how hath she receiv'd his Love ?

Pol. What do you think of me ?

King.

King. As of a Man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so; but what might you think,
 ' When I had seen this hot Love on the Wing?
 ' As I perceiv'd it (I must tell you that)
 ' Before my Daughter told me; what might you
 Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
 If I had ' plaid the Desk or Table-book,
 ' Or giv'n my Heart a Winking mute and dumb,
 Or look'd upon this Love with idle Sight,
 ' What might you think?' No, I went round to work,
 And my young Mistress thus I charg'd:
 Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince above thy Sphere,
 This must not be; and then I Precepts gave her,
 That she should lock herself from his Resort,
 Admit no Messengers, receive no Tokens.
 Which done, she took the Fruits of my Advice;
 And he, repelled, a short Tale to make,
 Fell into a Sadness, then into a Fast,
 ' Thence to a Watch, then into a Weakness.
 Thence to a Lightness, and by this Declension,
 Into the Madness wherein he now raves,
 And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a time (I would fain know that)
 That I have positively said 'tis so,
 When it prov'd otherwise?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwise,
 If Circumstances lead me, I will find
 Where Truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed
 Within the Centre.

King. How may we try it farther?

Pol. Sometimes he walks four Hours together
 Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a Time I'll loose my Daughter to him,
 So please your Majesty to hide yourself
 Behind the Arras then:
 Mark the Encounter; if he love her not,
 And be not from his Reason fal'n thereon,
 Let me be no Assistant for a State,
 But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

H A M L E T,

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor Wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away.

[Exeunt King and Queen.]

I'll board him presently. 'O give me leave,'

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord!

Ham. Ay, Sir, to be honest, as this World goes, Is to be one Man pick'd out of ten thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Maggots in a dead Dog, being a good kissing Carrion—Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; Conception is a Blessing, but as your Daughter may conceive, Friend, look to't.

Pol. 'How say you by that?' Still harping on my Daughter; yet he knew *[Aside]* me not at first, but said I was a Fishmonger; he is far gone; and truly in my Youth I suffered much Extremity for Love, very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, Words, Words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the Matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the satirical Rogue says here, That old Men have grey Beards, that their Faces are wrinkled, their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumb-tree-Gum, and that they have a most plentiful Lack of Wit, together with most weak Hams; all which, Sir, tho' I most potently believe, yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down; for you yourself, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if, like a Crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Tho' this be Madness, yet there's Method in't: Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Marry, that's but of the Air indeed: how pregnant his Replies are! a Happiness that often Madness hits on;

on; 'which Reason and Sanity could not so happily be deliver'd of. I will leave him and my Daughter.' My Lord, I will take my Leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. You go to seek Lord Hamlet, there he is. [Ex.]

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guil. My honour'd Lord.

Ros. My most dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends! how dost thou *Guildenstern*? Ah *Rosencraus*, good Lads, how do you both?

Ros. As the indifferent Children of the Earth.

Guil. Happy in that we are not over-happy; on Fortune's Cap we're not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soles of her Shoe.

Guil. Neither, my Lord.

Ham. Then you live about her Waist, or in the middle of her Favour.

Guil. Faith, in her Privates we.

Ham. In the secret Parts of Fortune; Oh most true! She is a Strumpet. Well, what News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near; sure your News is not true. Let me question more in particular: What have you, my good Friends, deserv'd at the Hands of Fortune, that she sends you to Prison hither?

Guil. Prison, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Prison.

Ros. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confiners, Wards and Dungeons; *Denmark* being one o' the worst.

Ros. We think not so, my Lord.

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but Thinking makes it so: To me it is a Prison.

Ros. Why then your Ambition makes it one; 'Tis too narrow for your Mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bound in a Nut-shell, and count myself a King of infinite Space, were it not that I have bad Dreams.

Guil. Which Dreams indeed are Ambition; for the very Substance of the Ambitious is merely the Shadow of a Dream.

Ham. A Dream itself is but a Shadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold Ambition of so airy and light a Quality, that it is but a Shadow's Shadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggars Bodies, and our Monarchs and out-stretch'd Heroes, the Beggars Shadows.

Shall we to th' Court? for by my fey I cannot reason.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter. I will not fort you with the rest of my Servants; for to speak to you like an honest Man, I am most dreadfully attended. But in the beaten way of Friendship, what makes you at *Elfsnoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord, no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks, but I thank you; and sure, dear Friends, my Thanks are too dear of a Half-penny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own Inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the Purpose you were sent for; there is a kind of Confession in your Looks, which your Modesties have not Craft enough to colour. I know the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what End, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: But let me conjure you, by the Rights of our Fellowships, by the Consonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our Love, and by what more dear a better Proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an Eye of you; if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why, so shall my Anticipation prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King and Queen moult no Feather: I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all Mirth, forgone all Custom of Exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my Disposition, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me a sterill Promontory: This most excellent Canopy the Air, this brave o'erhang'd Firmament, this majestical Roof
fretted

fretted with golden Fire, why it appears nothing to me but a foul and pestilent Congregation of Vapours. What a Piece of Work is Man! how noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in Apprehension the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And yet to me what is Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither, tho' by your Smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such Stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I said Man delights not me?

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: we met them on the Way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome, his Majesty shall have Tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his Foil and Target, the Lover shall not sigh gratis, the humorous Man shall end his Part in Peace, and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such Delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? their Residence both in Reputation and Profit was better both ways.

Ros. I think their Inhibition comes by the Means of the late Innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so follow'd?

Ros. No indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow rusty?

Ros. Nay, their Endeavour keeps in the wonted Pace; but there is, Sir, an Airy of Children, little Yases, that cry out on the Top of Question, and are most tyrannically clapp'd for't: these are now the Faction, and so be-rattle the common Stages, (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are afraid of Goose-Quills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escorted? will they pursue the Quality no longer than they can sing? Will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common Players, as it is most like, if their Means are no

' better, their Writers do them wrong to make them
' exclaim against their own Succession?

' *Ros.* Faith, there has been much to do on both Sides ;
' and the Nation holds it no Sin to tarre them on to Con-
' troversy. There was for a while no Money bid for
' Argument, unless the Poet and the Player went to Cuffs
' in the Question.

' *Ham.* Is't possible?

' *Guil.* Oh there has been much throwing about of
' Brains!

' *Ham.* Do the Boys carry it away?

' *Ros.* Ay, that they do, my Lord, *Hercules* and his
' Load too.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of
Denmark, and those that would make Mouths at him
while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty,
nay, a hundred Ducats a piece for his Picture in little:
there is something in this more than natural, if Philoso-
phy could find it out. [*A Flourish.*]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*, your
Hands; come then, th' Appurtenance of Welcome is
Fashion and Ceremony: let me comply with you in
this Garb, lest my Extent to the Players, which I tell
you must shew fairly outwards, should more appear
like Entertainment than yours; you are welcome; but
my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North-North-West; when the
Wind is Southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you *Guildenstern* and *Rosencraus*; that
great Baby that you see there is not yet out of his swad-
ling Clouts.

Ros. Haply he is the second Time come to them; for
they say an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the
Players; mark it: You say right, Sir, a *Monday Morning*,
twas then, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you,

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you; when *Roscius*
was an Actor in *Rome*—

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour.

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass—

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited.' *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the Law of Wit and Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter! [Aside.]

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. Nay, what follows then, my Lord?

Ham. 'Why as by lot God wot, and then you know it came to pass as most like it was.' The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more, for look where my Abridgment comes.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome, Masters, welcome all, I am glad to see thee well; welcome, good Friends. Oh my old Friend! why thy Face is valanc'd since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me in *Denmark*? What, my young Lady and Mistress! marry your Ladyship is grown nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude of a Chopin: I wish your Voice, like a Piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters, you are all welcome, we'll e'en to't like friendly Falconers, fly at any Thing we see, we'll have a Speech strait; come give us a Taste of your Quality, come, a passionate Speech.

Players. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas Caviar to the Multitude; but it was as I receiv'd it, and others, whose Judgments in such Matters cried in the Top of mine,

' mine, an excellent Play, well digested in the Scenes, set
 ' down with as much Modesty as Cunning. I remember
 ' one said there were no Salt in the Lines to make the
 ' Matter savory, nor no Matter in the Phrase that might
 ' indite the Author of Affection, but call'd it an honest
 ' Method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much
 ' more handsome than fine.' One Speech in't I chiefly
 ' lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas's* Talk to *Dido*, and thereabout of it
 ' especially when he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter; if it live
 ' in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me
 ' see——The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th' *Hyrcean* Beast;
 ' Beast! no, that's not it, yet it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable Arms,
 Black as his Purpose, did the Night resemble,
 ' When he lay couched in the om'nous Horse,
 ' Hath now his Beard and black Complexion smear'd
 ' With Heraldry more dismal; Head to Foot
 ' Now is he total Gules; horribly trick'd
 ' With Blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons,
 ' Bak'd and impasted with the parching Streets,
 ' That lend a tyrannous and a damned Light
 ' To their Lord's Murder; roasted in Wrath and Fire,
 ' And thus o'er-cis'd with coagulate Gore,
 ' With Eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
 ' Old Granfire *Priam* seeks.' So proceed you.

Pol. My Lord, well spoken with good Accent, and
 good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at *Greeks*, his antick Sword
 Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls,
 Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide,
 But with the Whiff and Wind of his fell Sword,
 Th' unnerved Father falls. Then senseless *Ilium*,
 ' Seeming to feel his Blow, with flaming Top
 ' Stoops to his Base, and with a hideous Crash
 ' Takes Pris'ner *Pyrrhus' Ear*: For, lo! his Sword,
 ' Which was declining on the milky Head
 ' Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd i'th' Air to stick;
 ' So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
 ' And like a Neutral to his Will and Matter,
 ' Did nothing.'

But

But as we often see against some Storm,
A Silence in the Heav'n, the Rack stand still,
The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region: So after *Pyrrhus*' Pause,
A roused Vengeance sets him new a-work,
And never did the Cyclops' Hammers fall,
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for Proof eterne,
With less Remorse than *Pyrrhus*' bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune! 'All you Gods,
' In gen'ral Synod take away her Pow'r,
' Break all the Spokes and Felloes from her Wheel,
' And bowl the round Nave down the Hill of Heav'n
' As low as to the Fiends.'

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard; prithee
say on, he's for a Jig, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps.
Say on, and come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, alas, had seen the mobled Queen——

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the
A Clout upon that Head [Flames;

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe,
' About her lank, and all o'erteemed Loins,'
A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd,
'Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd:
' But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
' When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious Sport,
' In mincing with his Sword her Husband's Limbs,
' The instant Burst of Clamour that she made,
' Unless Things mortal move them not at all,
' Would have made milch the burning Eyes of Heaven,
' And Passion in the Gods.'

Pol. Look whether he has not turn'd his Colour, and
has Tears in's Eyes. Prithee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon. Good my Lord, will you see the Players well be-
stowed? do you hear? let them be well used, for they
are the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time: After
your Death, you were better to have a bad Epitaph, than
their ill Report while you live.

Pol.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better; use every Man, Sir, according to his Desert, and who shall scape whipping? Use 'em after your own Honour and Dignity; the less they deserve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

Ham. Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play To-morrow. Dost thou hear me, old Friend? Can you play the Murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it To-morrow Night: you could for Need study a Speech of some dozen Lines, which I would set down, and insert, could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well; follow that Lord, and look you mock him not. My good Friends I'll leave you till Night; you are welcome to *Elfinoor*.

Ros. Farewell, my Lord.

[*Exeunt all but Hamlet.*]

Ham. 'I so, Good by t'ye.'

O what a wretch and pleasant Slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,

But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,

Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit,

That from her Working all the Visage warm'd,

Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,

A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting

With Forms to his Conceit, and all for nothing,

For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,

That he should weep for her? What would he do,

Had he the Motive, and that Ground for Passion

That I have? he would 'drown the Stage with Tears,

'And cleave the gen'ral Ear with horrid Speech,'

Make mad the Guilty, and appall the Free,

Confound the Ign'rant, and amaze indeed

The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears: 'yet I,

'A dull and muddy-mettled Rascal, peak

'Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my Cause,

'And can say nothing; no, not for a King,

'Upon whose Property, and most dear Life,

'A damn'd Defeat was made. Am I a Coward?

'Who calls me Villain, breaks my Pate across,

'Plucks off my Beard, and blows it in my Face,

'Tweaks me by the Nose, gives me the Lye i'th Throat

' As deep as to the Lungs ; Who does me this ?
 ' Ha ! why I should take it ; ' for it cannot be,
 But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
 To make Oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatt'd all the Region Kites
 With this Slave's Offal. ' Bloody, bawdy Villain !
 ' Remorseless, treacherous, leach'rous, kindless Villain !
 ' Why what an Ass am I ? This is most brave,
 ' That I, the Son of a dear Father murder'd,
 ' Prompted to my Revenge by Heav'n and Hell,
 ' Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
 ' And fall a cursing like a very Drab, a Scullion ; fie upon't !
 ' About my Brain : hum.' I have heard, [foh !
 That guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
 Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
 Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their Malefactions :
 For Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
 ' With most miraculous Organ.' I'll have these Players
 Play something like the Murder of my Father,
 Before my Uncle ; I'll observe his Looks.
 I'll tent him to the Quick ; if he look pale,
 I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen
 May be a Devil, and the Devil may have Power
 T'assume a pleasing Shape ; ' yea, and perhaps
 ' Out of my Weakness, and my Melancholy,
 ' As he is very potent with such Spirits,
 ' Abuses me to damn me.' I'll have Grounds
 More relative than this ; the Play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit.

ACT. III. SCENE I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guildenstern, Gentlemen and Guards.

King. **A**ND can you by no Drift of Conference
 Get from him, why he puts on this Confusion,
 Grating so harshly all his Days of Quiet
 With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy ?

Ref.

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted,
But from what Cause, he will by no Means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
'But with a crafty Madnes keeps aloof,
'When we would bring him on to some Confession
'Of his true State.'

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our Demands
Most free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out that certain Players
We o'ertook on the Way; of these we told him,
And, theré did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it, they're about the Court,
And, as I think, they have already Order
This Night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true,
And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the Matter.

King. With all my Heart.
And it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd:
Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge.
And urge him to these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord, [Exit *Ros.* and *Guil.*]

King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by Accident may meet
Ophelia here; her Father and myself
Will so bestow ourselves, that seeing and unseen,
We may of their Encounter judge,
'And gather by him as he is behav'd,'
If it be the Affliction of Love or no,
'That thus he suffers for.'

Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my Part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy Cause
Of *Hamlet's* Wildness: so shall I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
'To both your Honours.'

[Exit *Queen.*]

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here, whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd :

' Read on this Book,
' That Shew of such an Exercise may colour
' Your Loneliness. We're oft to blame in this,
' 'Tis too much prov'd, that with Devotion's Visage,
' And pious Action, we do sugar o'er
' The Devil himself.

' *King. [aside]* O 'tis too true :
' How smart a Lash that Speech doth give my Conscience ?
' The Harlot's Cheek beauty'd with platt'ring Art,
' Is not more ugly to the Thing that helps it,
' Than is my Deed to my most painted Word :
' O heavy Burthen !'

Pol. I hear him coming : retire, my Lord.

Exeunt King and Pol.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question ;
Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them : To die, to sleep
No more ; and by a Sleep to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the thousand nat'ral Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to ; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd, to die, to sleep ; ———
To sleep, perchance to dream : ay, there's the Rub ;
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuff'd off this mortal Coil,
Must give us Pause ; there's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life :
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of th' Unworthy takes,
When as himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin ? Who would Fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life ?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
The undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns, puzzles the Will,
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus

Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all ;
 And thus the healthful Face of Resolution
 Is sickly'd o'er with the pale Cast of Thought ;
 And Enterprizes of great Pith and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn away,
 And lose the Name of Action. ' Soft you now.'
 The fair *Ophelia* ! Nymph, in thy Oraisons
 Be all my Sins remembred.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do ye ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
 That I have long'd to re-deliver,
 Pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you did,
 And with them Words of so sweet Breath compos'd,
 As made these Things more rich : Their Perfume lost,
 Take these again ; for to the noble Mind
 Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind,
 There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest ?

Oph. My Lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit
 no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce
 than with Honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner
 transform Honesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the
 Force of Honesty can translate Beauty to his Likeness :
 This was some time a Paradox, but now the Time gives it
 Proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believ'd me ; for Virtue can-
 not so evacuate our old Stock, but we shall relish of it : I
 lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery ; why would'st thou be a
 Breeder of Sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest, but
 yet I could accuse me of such Things, that it were better
 my Mother had not bore me. I am very proud, re-
 vengeful, ambitious, with more Offences at my Back than
 I have Thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them
 Shape,

Shape, or Time to act them in: What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven? We are arrant Knaves, believe none of us; go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Oph. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the Fool no-where but in's own House:
Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heav'ns!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry; Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not 'scape Calumny; get thee to a Nunnery. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool, for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them: To a Nunnery go, 'and quickly too; farewell.'

Oph. Heavenly Powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your Paintings well enough: Nature hath given you one Face, and you make yourselves another; you jig and amble, and you lisp, you nick-name Heaven's Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance; go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no more Marriages, those that are married already, all but one shall live, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery go. [Exit.]

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown!
'The Courtier's, Soldier's, Scholar's Eye, Tongue, Sword,'
The Expectation and Rose of the fair State,
'The Glass of Fashion, and the Mould of Form,'
Th' Observed of all Observers, quite, quite down,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
'That suck'd the Honey of his Music Vows;'
Now see that noble and most sov'reign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of Tune, and harsh,
'That unmatch'd Form and Stature of blown Youth
'Blasted with Ecstasy.' O woe is me!
T'have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see! [Exit.]

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his Affections do not that way tend;
For what he spake, tho' it lack Form a little,
Was not like Madnes; 'there's something in his Soul
'O'er which his Melancholy fits on brood,
'And I do doubt the Hatch and the Disclose
'Will be some Danger, which to prevent
'I have a quick Determination

'Thus'

' Thus set down: ' He shall with Speed to *England*,
 For the Demand of our neglected Tribute.
 Haply the Seas and Countries different
 With variable Objects shall expel
 This something settled Matter in his Heart,
 Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
 From Fashion of himself: What think you on't?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. It shall do well:

' But yet I do believe th' Origin and Commencement of it,
 ' Sprung from neglected Love.' How now, *Ophelia*?
 You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
 We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please;
 But if you hold it fit, after the Play
 Let his Queen Mother all alone intreat him
 To shew his Grief; let her be round with him,
 And I'll be placed (so please you) in the Ear
 Of all their Conf'rence: if she find him not,
 To *England* send him, or confine him where
 Your Wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so;

Madness in great Ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and three Players.

Ham. Speak the Speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd it
 to you, smoothly from the Tongue; but if you mouth
 it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town-
 Crier spoke my Lines: and do not saw the Air too much
 with your Hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very
 Torrent, Tempest, and as I may say, Whirlwind of Pas-
 sion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may
 give it Smoothness. O! it offends me to the Soul, to
 hear a robustious Perriwig-pated Fellow tear a Passion to
 very Rags, to split the Ears of the Groundlings, who for
 the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable
 dumb Shews and Noise: I would have such a Fellow
 whipp'd for o'er-doing *Termagant*; it out-*Herod's Herod*,
 pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own Dis-
 cretion be your Tutor; suit the Action to the Word, the
 Word to the Action, with this special Observance, that
 you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any thing
 so o'er-done, is from the Purpose of Playing, whose End
 both at first and now, was and is to hold, as 'twere, the
 Mirror

Mirror up to Nature, to shew Virtue her Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time his Form and Pressure. O there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it, prophanely, that neither having the Accent of Christians, nor the Gate of Christian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journey-men had made Men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O reform it altogether, and let those that play your Clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean time some necessary Question of the Play be then to be consider'd: that's villainous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. 'How now, my Lord, will the King hear this Piece of Work?'

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencraus.

'*Pol.* And the Queen too, and that presently.'

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. Ay, my Lord.

[*Exeunt those three.*]

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What ho, Horatio!

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a Man
As e'er my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord!

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what Advancement may I hope from thee,
That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits (ter'd?
To feed and cloath thee; Why should the Poor be flat-
'No, let the candy'd Tongue lick absurd Pomp,
'And crook the pregnant Hinges of the Knee,
'Where Thrift may follow Fawning. Dost thou hear?'
Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice,
And could of Men distinguish her Election,
Sh' hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, hast suffer'd nothing;
'A Man that Fortune's Buffets and Rewards
'Hast ta'en with equal Thanks: and blest are those

Whole

' Whose Blood and Judgment are so well commingled,
 ' That they are not a Pipe for Fortune's Finger,
 ' To found what Stop she please.' Give me the Man
 That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him
 In my Heart's Core, ay, in my Heart of Hearts,
 As I do thee—Something too much of this:
 There is a Play To-night before the King,
 One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance,
 Which I have told thee of my Father's Death:
 I prithee, when thou seest that Act on Foot,
 Ev'n with the very Comment of thy Soul
 Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden Guilt
 Do not itself discover in one Speech,
 It is a damned Ghost that we have seen,
 ' And my Imaginations are as foul
 ' As *Vulcan's* Stithy.' Give him heedful Note,
 For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face,
 And after we will both our Judgments join
 In Censure of his Seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord;

' If he steal aught the whilst the Play is playing,
 ' And 'scape Detection, I will pay the Theft.'

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Gentlemen.

Ham. They're coming to the Play, I must be idle:
Get you a Place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, 'ifaith,
 Of the Camelion's Dish I eat, the Air;
 Promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, *Hamlet*,
These Words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord ———

You play'd once in the University, you say. [*To Pol.*

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a very

Ham. What did you enact? [*good Actor.*

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*. I was kill'd i'th' Capitol,
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute Part of him to kill so capital a
Be the Players ready? [*Calf there.*

Ref. Ay, my Lord, they wait upon your Patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?

Off.

Oph. No, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country-matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a fair Thought, to lie between Maids

Oph. What is, my Lord? (Legs.

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker; what should a Man do but be merry? for look you how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within's two Hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables: O Heavens! die two Months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's Hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a Year: but he must build Churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose Epitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

Oph. What means the Play, my Lord?

Ham. It is munching Mallico; it means Mischief.

Oph. But what's the Argument?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this Fellow:

The Players cannot keep Secret, they'll shew all.

Oph. Are they so good at Shew, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, at any Shew that you will shew them: be not you asham'd to shew, and they'll not blush to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prologue. For us, and for our Tragedy,

Here stooping to your Clemency,

We beg your Hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Posy of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's Love.

Enter Play: King and Queen.

Pl. King. Full thirty times has Phœbus' Car gone round

Neptune's salt Wash, and Tellus orb'd the Ground;

And thirty Dozen Moons with borrow'd Sheen

About the World have twelve times thirty been,

Since Love our Hearts, and Hymen did our Hands

Unite, infolding them in sacred Bands.

Pl. Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere Love be done;
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
And so far different from your former State,
That I distrust you; yet, tho' I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must
For Women fear too much, ev'n as they love.

'Now Womens Fear and Love hold Quantity
'In neither ought, or in Extremity.'
Now what my Love has been, Proof makes you know;
And as my Love is great, my Fear is so;
Where Love is great, the smallest Doubts are Fears;
Where little Fear grows great, great Love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too;
My working Powers their Functions leave to do;
But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For Husband shalt thou—

Pl. Queen. O confound the Rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast.
In second Husband let me be accus'd;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's Wormwood.

'*Pl. Queen.* The Instances that second Marriage move,
'Are base Respects of Thrift, but none of Love;
'A second time I kill my Husband dead,
'When second husband kisses me in Bed.'

Pl. King. I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
'Purpose is but the Slave of Memory,
'Of violent Birth, but poor Validity,
'Which now like Fruits unripe sticks on the Tree,
'But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
'Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
'To pay ourselves what to ourselves is Debt;
'What to ourselves in Passion we propose,
'The Passion ending, doth the Purpose lose;
'The Violence of either Grief or Joy
'Their own Enactures with themselves destroy;
'Where Joy most revels, Grief doth most lament:
'Grief joys, Joy grieves on slender Accident.
'This World is not for aye, nor is it strange
'That ev'n our Loves should with our Fortunes change:

For

For 'tis a Question left us yet to prove,
Whether Love lead Fortune, or else Fortune Love.
The great Man down, you mark his Fav'rite flies;
The Poor advanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies.
And hitherto doth Love our Fortune tend;
For who not needs, shall never lack a Friend;
And who in Want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemy.

But orderly to end where I begun,
Our Wills and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Devices still are overthrown;
Our Thoughts are ours, their Ends none of our own.

Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed;
But thy Thoughts die, when thy first Lord is dead.

Pl. Queen. Nor Earth to give me Food, nor Heaven
Sport and Repose look from me Day and Night, (Light,

To Desperation turn my Trust and Hope,
An Anchor's Cheer in Prison be my Scope:

Each Opposite that blanks the Face of Joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy:

Both here and hence pursue me lasting Strife,
If once I Widow be, and then a Wife.

Ham. If she should break it now?

Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn: Sweet, leave me here a-
My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile (while;
The tedious Day with Sleep.

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain,
And never come Mischance between us twain. [Excuse.

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O but she'll keep her Word. (fence in't?)

King. Have you heard the Argument? Is there no Of-

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no Of-

King. What do they call the Play? (fence,

Ham. The Mouse-trap; Marry how? Tropically. This
Play is the Image of a Murder done in Vienna. Gonzago
is the Duke's Name, his Wife *Baptista*, you shall see anon,
'tis a knavish Piece of Work; but what of that? Your
Majesty and we shall have free Souls, it touches us not;
let the galled jade winch, our Withers are unwrung.
This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the King.

Enter Lucianus.

Op. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love, if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my Lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would cost you a Groaning to take off mine

Oph. Still worse and worse. (Edge.)

Ham. 'So you mistake your Husbands.' Begin, Murderer, leave thy damnable Faces, and begin; come, the croaking Raven doth bellow forth Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time Confed'rate Season, and no Creature seeing, (agreeing, Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected, With *Hecate's* Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected; Thy nat'ral Magic, and dire Property, On wholsom Life usurps immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'th' Garden for his Estate, his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and written in very choice *Italian*: you shall see anon how the Murderer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What! frighted with false Fire?

Queen. How fares my Lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some Lights: Away!

Pol. Lights, Lights, Lights.

[*Exeunt all but Ham. and Hor.*]

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,

The Hart ungall'd go play;

For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;

Thus runs the World away. Would not this, Sir, and

a Forest of Feathers, if the Rest of my Fortunes turn

Turk with me, with provincial Roses on my raz'd Shoes,

get me a Fellowship in a City of Players?

Hor. Half a Share.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou dost know, O *Damon* dear,

This Realm dismantled was

Of *Jove* himself, and now reigns here

A very very Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhym'd.

Ham. O good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's Word for a thousand Pounds. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. Upon the Talk of Poisoning.

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come, some Music; come, the Recorders:
For the King likes not the Comedy,
Why then perhaps he likes it not perdie.
Come, some Music!

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good, my Lord, vouchsafe me a Word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King, Sir.

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his Retirement marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my Lord, with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom would shew itself richer, to signify this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more Choler.

Guil. Good my Lord, put your Discourse into some And start not so wildly from my Business. (Frame,

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother, in most great Affliction Of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed: if it shall please you to make me a wholsom Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and my Return shall be the End of the Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ros. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholsom Answer, my Wit's diseased: but, Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command, or rather, as you say, my Mother; therefore no more, but to the Matter: my Mother, you say.

Ros. Then thus she says, Your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother! but is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's Admiration? Impart.

Ros. She desires to speak with you in her Closet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother; have you any farther Trade with us?

Ros. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do still by these Pickers and Stealers.

Ros. Good my Lord, what is the Cause of your Dis-temper? You do surely bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself for your Succession in Denmark?

Enter Horatio with Recorders.

Ham. Ay, Sir, but while the Grass grows, — the Pro-verb is something musty: Oh the Recorders; let me see one to withdraw with you; why do you go about to recover the Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil?

Guil. Oh, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that; will you play upon this Pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no Touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as Lying; govern these Ventages with your Fingers and the Thumb; give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Musick: look you, these are the Stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony, I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look ye now, how unworthy a Thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my Stops, you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery, you would sound me from my lowest Note to the Top of my Compass; and there is much Music, ex-celent Voice in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I'm easier to be play'd on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder Cloud, that's almost in Shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks 'tis like a Wezel.

Pol.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my Mother by-and-by;
They fool me to the Top of my Bent. I will come by-

Pol. I will say so. [Exit. (and by.

Ham. By-and-by is easily said. Leave me, Friends

[Exit.

'Tis now the very witching Time of Night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the World: Now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such Deeds, as Day itself

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my Mother;

O Heart lose not thy Nature! let not ever

The Soul of Nero enter this firm Bosom!

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none.

My Tongue and Soul, in this be Hypocrites.

How in my Words soever be the silent,

To give them Seals never my Soul consent.

[Exit.

Enter King, Rosencrans, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us

To let his Madnes range; therefore prepare you:

I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,

And he to England shall along with you;

The Terms of our Estate may not endure

Hazards so near us, as do hourly grow

Out of his Lunacies.

Gail. We will ourselves provide;

Most holy and religious Fear it is

To keep those many Bodies safe,

That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar Life is bound

With all the Strength and Armour of the Mind,

To keep itself from Noyance; but much more

That Spirit, upon whose Weal depend and rest

The Lives of many: The Cease of Majesty

Dies not alone, but like a Gulph doth draw

What's near it with it; or it's a massy Wheel,

Fix'd on the Summit of the highest Mount,

To whose huge Spokes ten thousand lesser Things

Are mortic'd and adjoin'd, which when it falls,

Each small Annexment, petty Consequence,

• Attends the boist'rous Ruin; ne'er alone
• Did the King sigh, but with a gen'ral Groan.

King. Arm then, I pray you, to this speedy Voyage,
For we will Fetters put about this Fear,
Which now goes too free-footed,

Ref. We will make haste. [*Exeunt Ref. and Guil.*]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he is going to his Mother's Closet,
Behind the Arras I'll convey myself
To hear the Proceſs; I'll warrant ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet that ſome more Audience than a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partial, ſhould o'er-hear
Their Speech. Fare you well, my Liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to Bed,
And tell you what I hear. [*Exit.*]

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

O! my Offence is rank, it ſmells to Heav'n;
It hath the eldeſt Curſe upon 't,
A Brother's Murder: pray I cannot,
Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as Will,
My ſtronger Guilt defeats my ſtrong Intent;
And like a man to double Buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in Pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed Hand
Were thicker than itſelf with Brother's Blood?
Is there not Rain enough in the ſweet Heav'n,
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the Viſage of Offence?
' And what's in Prayer, but this twofold Force,
' To be foreſtall'd ere we come to fall,
' Or pardon'd being down?' Then I'll look up:
My Fault is paſt; but oh! what form of Prayer
Can ſerve my Turn? Forgive me my ſoul Murder!
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe Effects for which I did the Murder,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence?
In the corrupted Currents of this World
Offence's gilded Hand may ſhove by Juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen the wicked Prize itſelf
Buys out the Laws; but 'tis not ſo above,
There is no ſhuffling: there the Action lies
In its true Nature, and we ourſelves compel'd,

Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
To give in Evidence. What then! what rests?
Try what Repentance can; what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
O wretched State! O Bosom black as Death!
O limed Soul! that struggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! 'Help Angels,' make assay,
Bow stubborn Knees, and Heart with Strings of Steel
Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe.
All may be well. *[The King kneels.]*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Where is this Murderer? He kneels and prays,
And now I'll do't, and so he goes to Heav'n,
And so I am reveng'd: that would be scann'd —
He kill'd my Father, and for that
I his sole Son send him to Heav'n
Why this is Reward — not Revenge:
He took my Father grossly, 'full of Bread,'
With all his Crimes broad blown as flush as May;
And how his Audit stands, who knows save Heav'n?
But in our Circumstance and Course of Thought,
'Tis heavy with him; and am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soul,
When he is fit and season'd for his Passage? No.
Up Sword, and know thou a more horrid Time,
When he is drunk, asleep, or in a Rage,
Or in th' incestuous Pleasures of his Bed:
'At Gaming, Swearing,' or about some Act,
That has no Relish of Salvation in't.
Then trip him, that his Heels may kick at Heav'n,
'And that his Soul may be as damn'd and black
'As Hell whereto it goes.' My Mother says,
This Physic but prolongs thy sickly Days. *[Exit.]*

King. My Words fly up, my Thought remain below;
Words without Thoughts never to Heaven go. *[Exit.]*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
Tell him his Pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath stood between
Much Heat and him. I'll here conceal myself,
Pray you be round with him.

Ham. [within.] Mother, Mother, Mother.

Queen. I warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the Matter?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why how now, *Hamlet*?

Ham. What's the Matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, 'by the Rood, not so.

You are the Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife;

And, would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down, you shall not

You go not till I set you up a Glass;

Where you may see the utmost Part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, ho!

Pol. What ho, help. *[Behind the Arrar.*

Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducket, dead.

[Kill Pol.

Pol. O! I am slain.

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not, is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody Deed is this?

Ham. A bloody Deed, almost as bad, good Mother,

As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King!

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my Word.

Thou wretched, rash intruding Fool, farewell;

I took thee for thy better, take thy Fortune;

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some Danger.

Leave wringing of your Hands; Peace, sit you down,

And let me wing your Heart; for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable Stuff;

If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be Proof and Bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy

In Noise so rude against me? *[Tongue*

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,

Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And sets a Blister there, makes a Marriage Vow,

As false as Dicers Oath : Oh such a Deed !
 As from the Body of Contraction plucks
 The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes
 A Rhapsody of Words : Heaven's Face does glow,
 ' Yea, this Solidity and compound Mass,
 ' With heated Vilage, as against the Doom,
 ' Is thought-sick at the Act,
 Ah me ! that Act !

Queen. Ah me, what Act !

Ham. ' That roars so loud, and thunders in the Index.'

Look here upon this Picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit Presentment of two Brothers ;
 See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,
 Hyperion's Curls, the Front of Jove himself,
 An Eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
 ' A Station like the Herald Mercury,
 ' New lighted on a Heaven-kissing Hill ;
 A Combination, and a Form indeed,
 Where ev'ry God did seem to set his Seal,
 To give the World Assurance of a Man ;
 This was your Husband. Look you now what follows.

Here is your Husband, like a mildew'd Ear,
 Blasting his wholesome Brother. Have you Eyes ?
 Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on the Moor ? Ha, have you Eyes ?
 You cannot call it Love ; for at your Age
 The Heyday of the Blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the Judgment ; and what Judgment
 Would step from this to this ? Sense fore you have,
 Else could you not have Motion ; but sure that Sense
 Is apoplex'd : for Madness would not err,
 Nor Sense to Ecstasy was never yet so thrall'd ;
 But it reserv'd some Quantity of Choice
 To serve in such a Difference. ' What Devil wast,

' That thus hath cozen'd you at Hoodman blind ?
 ' Eyes without Feeling, Feeling without Sight,
 ' Ears without Hands or Eyes, Smelling fans all,
 ' Or but a sickly Part of one true Sense,
 ' Could not so mope. Oh Shame, where is thy Blush ?
 Rebellious Hell,
 If thou can'st mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
 To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,
 And melt in her own Fire ; proclaim no Shame,
 When the compulsive Ardour gives the Charge,

Since

Since Frost itself as actively doth burn,
As Reason panders Will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more!
Thou turn'st my very Eyes into my Soul;
' And there I see such black and griev'd Spots,

' As will leave there their Tincture
Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank Sweat of an incestuous Bed,
Stew'd in Corruption, ' honying and making Love
' Over the nasty Sty.

Queen. O speak to me no more.
These Words, like Daggers, enter in mine Ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain;
A Slave, that's not the twentieth Part the Tythe
Of your precedent Lord; a Vice of Kings;
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule;
That from a Shelf the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket;
A King of Shreds and Patches.

Enter Ghost.
Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings;
You heav'nly Guards; what would your gracious Figure?

Queen. Alas: he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, let's go by
Th' important asking of your dread Command? O say!

Ghost. Do not forget; this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted Purpose.
But look, Amazement on thy Mother sits;
O step between her and her fighting Soul;
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest works;
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, Madam?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,
And with the incorporeal Air do hold Discourse;
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping Soldiers in th' Alarm,
Your Hair starts up, and stands on End: O gentle Son!
Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper,
Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares;
His Form and Cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones;

Would

Would make them capable: don't look upon me,
Left with this piteous Action you convert
My stern Effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true Colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that's here I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there; look how it stalks away,
My Father in his Habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, ev'n now out at the Portal.

[Exit Ghost.]

Queen. This is the very Coinage of your Brain,
This bodiless Creation Ecstasy is very cunning in.

Ham. My Pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep Time,
And makes as healthful Music: 'Tis not Madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the Test,
And I the Matter will re-word, which Madness
Cannot do. Mother, for the Love of Grace,
Lay not that flatt'ring Unction to your Soul,
That not your Trespas, but my Madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulc'rous Place,
Whilst rank Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen: Confess yourself to Heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;

• And do not spread the Compost on the Weeds,
• To make them ranker. Forgive me this my Virtue;
• For in the Fatness of these purfy Times,
• Virtue itself of Vice must Pardon beg,
• Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my Heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worse Part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my Uncle's Bed;
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not,

• That Monster Custom, who all Sense doth eat,
• Of Habits Dev'l, is Angel yet in this,
• That to the Use of Actions fair and good
• He likewise gives a Frock or Livery,
• That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
• And that shall lend a kind of easiness
• To the next Abstinence, the next more easy;
• For Use almost can change the Stamp of Nature,

Aluo W

- And master the Devil, or throw him out;
- With wondrous Potency: Once more Good-night;
- And when you are desirous to be blest,
- I'll Blessing beg of you: For this same Lord,

[Pointing to Pol.]

I do repent; but Heav'n hath pleas'd it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him; so again Good-night.
I must be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind;
One Word more.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham. 'Not this by no means that I bid you do:'
Let not the King tempt you to Bed again;
• Pinch wanton on your Cheek, call you his Mousse;
• And let him not for a Pair of pesty Kisses,
• Or paddling in your Neck with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to ravel all this Matter out,
That I essentially am not in Madness,
But mad in Craft; 'twere good you let him know,
• For who that's but a Queen, fair, sober, wise,
• Would from a Paddock, from a Bat, a Gib,
• Such dear Concernings hide? who would do so?
• No, in despite of Sense and Secrecy
• Unpeg the Basket on the House's Top,
• Let the Birds fly, and like the famous Ape,
• To try Conclusions, in the Basket creep,
• And break your own Neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if Words be made of Breath,
And Breath of Life, I have no Life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that.

Queen. Alack; I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. 'There's Letters seal'd, and my two Schoolfellows,
• Whom I will trust as I will Adders fang'd,
• They bear the Mandate; they must sweep my way,
• And marshal me to Knavery: let it work;
• For 'tis the Sport to have the Engineer
• Hoist with his own Petard; and shall go hard
• But I will delve one Yard below their Minions,
And

' And blow them at the Moon: O 'tis most sweet,
' When in one Line two Crafts directly meet.'
This Man will set me packing
I'll lug the Guts into the neighb'ring Room.
Mother, Good-night; this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in's Life a foolish prating Knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an End with you.
[Exit Hamlet, dragging in Polonius.]

Good-night, Mother.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen, with Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. **T**Here's Matter in these Sighs, 'these profound
You must expound them: [Heaves;]

Where is your Son?

Queen. Bestow this Place on us a little while,
[Exit Ros. and Guil.]

Ah my Lord, what have I seen to Night?

King. What, Gertrude? how does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless Fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his Rapier, cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainish Apprehension kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:

' His Liberty is full of Threats to all,

' To you yourself, to us, to ev'ry one.

' Alas, how shall this bloody Deed be answer'd?

' It will be laid to us, whose Providence

' Should have restrain'd

' This mad young Man: but so much was our Love,

' We would not understand what was most fit;

' But like the Owner of a foul Disease,

' To keep it from divulging, let it feed

' Even on the Pith of Life: Where is he gone?

Queen.

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd,
 • O'er whom his Madness like some Ore,
 • Among a Mineral of Metal base
 • Shews itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. Gertrude, come away;
 The Son no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
 But we will ship him hence; and this vile Deed
 We must, with all our Majesty and Skill

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

Both count'nance and excuse. ——— Ho, *Guildenstern*

Friends both, go join with you some further Aid;

Hamlet in Madness hath *Polonius* slain,

And from his Mother's Closet he has dragg'd him:

Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body

Into the Chapel; I pray you haste in this.

Come *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wisest Friends,

And let them know both what we mean to do,

And what's untimely done:

• Whose Whisper o'er the World's Diameter,

• As level as the Cannon to his Blank

• Transports his poison'd Shot, may miss our Name,

• And hit the woundless Air. O come away,

• My Soul is full of Discord and Dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stow'd [*Within Hamlet!* Lord *Hamlet!*]

Ham. What Noise? who calls *Hamlet*?

O here they come.

Ros. What have you done my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with Dust, whereto it is akin.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
 And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own;
 besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what Replication
 should be made by the Son of a King?

Ros. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance,
 his Rewards, his Authorities: but such Officers do the
 King best Service in the End, he keeps them like an Apple
 in the Corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swal-
 low'd; when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but
 squeezing you, and, Sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros.

Ros. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Ros. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The Body is with the King, but the King is not with the Body : the King is a Thing.

Guil. A Thing, my Lord !

Ham. 'Of nothing ;' bring me to him. [Exeunt.

Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. I've sent to seek him and to find the Body ;
How dang'rous is it, that this Man goes loose ?
Yet must we not put the strong Law upon him :
He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude,
Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes ;
And where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd,
But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must seem
Delib'rate Pause : Diseases desp'rate grown,
By desperate Appliance are reliev'd,
Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. How now ? what hath befallen ?

Ros. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Ros. Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your Plea-
King. Bring him before us. [sure.

Ros. Ho, bring in the Lord Hamlet.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now Hamlet, where's *Poisonus* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper ! where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten ; a
certain Convocation of politic Worms are e'en at him :
'Your Worm is your only Emperor for Diet. We fat
'all Creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for
'Maggots : your fat King and your lean Beggar is but
'variable Service ; two Dishes but to one Table, that's
'the End.

King. Alas ! alas !

Ham. A Man may fish with the Worm that hath eat
'of a King, eat of the Fish that hath fed of that Worm.

King.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to shew you how a King may go
a Progress thro' the Guts of a Beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In Heaven; send thither to see: if your Messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other Place yourself: but indeed if you find him not within this Month, you shall nose him as you go up Stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed, for thine especial Safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence:
Therefore prepare thyself.

The Bark is ready, and the Wind sits fair,

Th' Associates tend, and every Thing is bent

For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see a Cherub that sees them: but come, for
Farewel, dear Mother. (England.)

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife,
Man and Wife is one Flesh; and so my Mother. Farewel,
Come, for England [Exit. (Mother.)

King. Follow him,

Tempt him with Speed aboard,

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:

Away, for every Thing is seal'd and done,

That else leans on th' Affair; pray you make haste.

And England, if my present Love thou hold'st at night,

As my great Power therefore may give thee Sense,

Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red

After the Danish Sword, and thy free Awe

Pays Homage to us, thou may'st not coldly set

Our Sovereign Process, which imports as full

By Letters conjuring to that Effect,

The present Death of *Hamlet*; do it England,

For like the Hedie in my Blood he rages,

And thou must cure me: till I know 'tis done

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun. [Ex. Enter

Enter Fortinbras with his Army over the Stage.

For. Go Captain, from me greet the Danish King;
Tell him, that by his License, Fortinbras
Craves the Conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Kingdom: you know the Rendezvous:
If that his Majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our Duty in his Eyes;
And let him know so.

Capt. I will do't, my Lord.

For. Go softly on. *[Exit For.]*

Enter Hamlet, Rosencraus, &c.

Ham. Good Sir, whose Powers are these?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How propos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Against some part of Poland.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The Nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the Main of Poland, Sir,

Or against some Frontier?

Capt. Truly to speak, and with no Addition,

We go to gain a little Patch of Ground,

That bath in it no Profit but the Name:

To pay five Ducats; five, I would not farm it;

Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,

A ranker Rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why then the Pollack never will defend it.

Capt. Nay, it is already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand Souls, and 20000 Ducats

Will not debate the Question of this Straw.

This is th' Imposthume of much Wealth and Peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no Cause without

Why the Man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God be w'ye, Sir.

Ros. Will't please you go, my Lord?

Ham. I'll be with you straight, go a little before.

How all Occasions do inform against me,

And spur my dull Revenge? What is a Man,

If his chief Good and Market of his Time

Be but to sleep and feed? a Beast, no more.

Sure he that made us with such large Discourse,

Looking before and after, gave us not

That Capability and God-like Reason

To rust in us unus'd: now, whether it be

Bestial

' Bestial Oblivion, or some craven Scruple
 ' Of thinking too precisely on th' Event,
 ' A Thought which quarter'd, hath but one part Wisdom,
 ' And ever three parts Coward; I do not know
 ' Why yet I live to say this Thing's to do,
 ' Sith I have Cause, and Will, and Strength, and Means
 ' To do't. Examples gross as Earth exhort me;
 ' Witness this Army of such Mass and Charge,
 ' Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 ' Whose Spirit with divine Ambition puff,
 ' Makes mouths at the invincible Event,
 ' Exposing what is mortal and unsure
 ' To all that Fortune, Death, and Danger dare,
 ' Ev'n for an Egg-shell. Rightly to be great,
 ' Is not to stir without great Argument;
 ' But greatly to find Quarrel in a Straw,
 ' When Honour's at the Stake. How stand I then
 ' That have a Father kill'd, a Mother stain'd,
 ' Excitements of my Reason, and my Blood,
 ' And let all sleep, while to my Shame I see
 ' The imminent Death of twenty thousand Men,
 ' That for a Fantasy and Trick of Fame
 ' Go to their Graves like Beds; fight for a Plot
 ' Whereon the Numbers cannot try the Cause,
 ' Which is not Tomb enough and Continent
 ' To hide the Slain? O from this Time forth,
 ' My Thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [Exit.

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate, indeed distracted, and deserves your Pity.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, says she hears
 There's Tricks i'th' World; and hems, and beats her Heart,
 Spurns enviously at Straws, speaks Things in doubt,
 That carry but half Sense, her Speech is nothing;
 Yet the unshaped Use of it doth move

The Hearers to Collection; they aim at it,
 And botch the Words up fit to their own Thoughts;
 Which, as her Winks, and Nods, and Gestures yield them,
 Indeed would make one think there might be Thoughts,
 Tho' nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

Hor.

Prince of Denmark.

69

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
Dang'rous Conjectures in ill breeding Minds. *[strew*
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Queen. To my sick Soul, as Sin's true Nature is,
'Each Toy seems Prologue to some great Amiss :
'So full of artless Jealousy is Guilt,
'It spills itself, in fearing to be spilt.'

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark ?

Queen. How now, *Ophelia* ? *[She sings.*

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another one ?

By his Cockle Hat and Staff, and by his Sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song ?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you mark :

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone, [Sings.

At his Head a grass-green Turf, at his Heels a Stone.

O ha.

Queen. Nay but *Ophelia.*

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his Shroud as the Mountain Snow,

Larded all with sweet Flowers,

Which beweept to the Ground did not go

With true Love-Showers.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas ! look here, my Lord.

King. How do you, pretty Lady ?

Oph. Well good dil'd you, they say the Owl was a Baker's Daughter : we know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray let's have no Words of this ; but when they ask you what it means, say this :

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day, [Sings.

All in the Morning betime,

And I a Maid at your Window,

To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Oph. Indeed without an Oath I'll make an End on't.

The.

*Then up he rose, and don'd his Clothes, and open'd his Chamber
(Door,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.*

' By Gis and by Saint Charity,

' Alack and fie for shame;

' Young Men will do't, if they come to't;

' By cock they are to blame.

' Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promis'd me to wed.

' (He answers) So should I have done, by yonder Sun,

' And thou hadst not come to my Bed.

King. How long hath she been thus?

*Opb. I hope all will be well, we must be patient: but
I cannot chuse but weep, to think they would lay him
i'th' cold Ground; my Brother shall know of it, and so
I thank you for your good Counsel——*

Come, my Coach, good-night, Ladies, good-night,

Sweet Ladies, good-night, good-night. [Exit.

King. Follow her close, give her good watch I pray you:

O this is the Poison of deep Grief; it springs

All from her Father's Death. ' O Gertrude, Gertrude,

' When Sorrows come, they come not single Spies,

' But in Battalions: first, her Father slain,

' Next, your Son gone, and he most violent Author

' Of his own just Remove; the People muddy'd;

' Thick and unwholsom in their Thoughts and Whispers

' For good Polonius' Death, and we have done but greenly,

' Obscurely to inter him; poor Ophelia,

' Divided from herself, and her fair Judgment,

' Without which we're but Pictures, or mere Beasts.

' Last, and as much containing as all these,

' Her Brother is in secret come from France,

' Feeds on this Wonder, keeps himself in Clouds,

' And wants not Whispers to infect his Ear

' With pest'lent Speeches of his Father's Death;

' Wherein Necessity of Matter beggar'd,

' Will nothing stick our Persons to arraign

' In Ear and Ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

' Like to a murd'ring Piece, in many Places

' Gives me superfluous Death. [A Noise within.

Enter Gentleman.

Queen. Alack, what Noise is this?

King. Where are my Swiflers? let 'em guard the Door:

What

What is the Matter?

Genl. 'Save yourself, my Lord.

'The Ocean over-piercing of his Lift,
'Eats not the Flats with more impetuous Haste,
'Than' young *Leartes* in a riotous Head
O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord:
'And as the World were now but to begin,
'Antiquity forgot, Custom not known,
'The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Word,
'They cry, chuse we *Laertes* for our King;
Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.

Queen. How chearfully on the false Trail they cry!

[A Noise within.

O this is counter, you false *Danish* Dogs!

'*King.* The Doors are broke.'

Laer. Within. Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you give me leave.

All. We will, we will.

Laer. I thank you, keep the Door.

Enter Laertes.

O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That Drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot (*Bastard*)
Ev'n here between the chaste unsmitted Brows,
Of my true Mother.

King. What is the Cause *Laertes*;

That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like?

Let him go, *Gertrude*, do not fear our Person;

There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason dares not reach at what it would,

'Aets little of his Will. Tell me, *Laertes*,

'Why thou art thus incens'd? let him go, *Gertrude*,

Speak Man.

Laer. Where is my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with,
To Hell Allegiance, Vows to the blackest Devil.

'Con-

• Conscience and Grace to the profoundest Pit,
 • I dare Damnation.' To this Point I stand,
 That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,
 Let come what will, I'll be reveng'd,
 Most throughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you?

Laer. My Will, not all the World:
 And for my Means, I'll husband them so well,
 They shall go far with little.

King. Will you in Revenge of your
 Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my Arms,
 And like the kind Life-rend'ring Pelican
 Relieve them with my Blood.

King. Why now you speak,
 Like a good Child, and a true Gentleman.
 That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
 And am most sensible in Grief for it,
 It shall as level to your Judgment lie,
 As Day does to your Eye.

Within. O poor Ophelia!

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

• How now? what Noise is that?
 • O Heat, dry up my Brains; Tears sev'n times salt,
 • Burn out the sense and Virtue of mine Eye.
 By Heav'n thy Madness shall be paid with Weight,
 Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May!
 Dear Maid! kind Sister, sweet Ophelia!
 O Heav'n's! is't possible a young Maid's Wits
 Should be as mortal as a sick Man's Life!

Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the Bier,
 And in his Grave rain'd many a Tear.
 Fare you well, my Dove.

[Sings.

Laer. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge,
 it could not move us.

Oph. You must sing a-down, a-down,
 And you call him a-down-a. O how the Wheel becomes it!
 It is the false Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer.

Laer. This Nothing is much more than Matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance; pray you, Love, remember: and there's Pancies, that's for Thoughts.

Laer. A Document in Madness, Thoughts and Remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's Rue for you, and here's some for me, we may call it Herb of Grace o'Sundays; O you may wear your Rue with a Difference. There's a Daisy: I would give you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father died: they say he made a good End.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy. [Sings.

Laer. Thoughts and Affliction, Passion, Hell itself! She turns to Favour, and to Prettiness.

Oph. *And will he not come again,* [Sings.
And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-Bed,
He never will come again.

His Beard was as white as Snow;

Flaxen was his Pole;

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away Moan;

And Peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers Souls.

[Exit.

King. *Laertes*, I must share in your Grief,
Or you deny my Right: go but a-part
Make Choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collat'ral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
'Our Crown, our Life, and all that we call ours,'
To you in Satisfaction: but if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due Content.

Laer. Let this be so,
His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophy, Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call't in Question.

King. So you shall;
And where th'Offence is, let the great Ax fall:
I pray you go with me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Gentleman.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring Men, Sir; they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in;
I do not know from what part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter two Sailors.

1 Sail. Save you, Sir.

2 Sail. Here are Letters for you, 'Sir, they came
'from the Embassador that was bound for England.' if
your Name be *Horatio*, as we are inform'd it is.

Hor. reads the Letter.

Horatio, when thou shalt have over-look'd this, give these Fellows some Means to the King, they have Letters for him. Ere we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike Appointment gave us Chase. Finding ourselves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and in the Grapple I boarded them: On the Instant they got clear of our Ship, and so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy, but they know what they did; I am to do a Turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much Speed as thou wouldst fly Death. I have Words to speak in thine Ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the Matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencraus and Guildenstern hold their Course for England; of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell. Hamlet.

Come, I will make you Way for these your Letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart for Friend,
Since you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain,
Pursu'd my Life.

Lacr.

Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these Crimes,
So capital in Nature,
As by your Safety, Greatness, Wisdom, all Things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. For two special Reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong: the Queen his Mother
Lives almost by his Looks; and for myself,
My Virtue or my Plague, be it either,
She is so precious to my Life and Soul,
That as a Star moves not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motive,
Why to a publick Court I might not go,
Is the great Love the People bear him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Work like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Grace; so that my Arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a Wind,
Would have reverted to my Bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so I have a noble Father lost;
A Sister driven into desp'rate Terms,
Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,
Stood Challenger on th' Mount of all the Age
For her Perfections: but my Revenge will come.

King. Break not your Sleep for that, you must not think
That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
And think it Pastime: you shortly shall hear more.
I lov'd your Father, and we love ourself;
And that I hope will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what News?
Mess. Letters, my Lord, from Hamlet, These to your
Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From Hamlet! who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not;
They were giv'n me by Claudio; he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. Laertes, you shall hear them: leave us.
[*Ex. Mess.*]

High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your Kingdom: To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly Eyes, when I shall, first asking your Pardon, thereunto recount the Occasion of my sudden 'and most strange' Return.

What should this mean? are all the rest come back?
Or is it some Abuse, or no such Thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet's* Character. Naked!
And in a Postscript here he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in't, my Lord; but let him come.
It warms the very Sickness of my Heart,
That I shall live, and tell him to his Teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
As how should it be so?—how otherwise?
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to a Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an Exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall,
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe,
But ev'n his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,
And call it Accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so,
'That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of since your Travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* Hearing, for a Quality
Wherein they say you shine; 'your Sum of Parts,
'Did not together pluck such Envy from him,
'As did that one, and that in my Regard
'Of the unworthiest Siege.'

Laer. What Part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too; 'for Youth no less becomes
'The light and careless Liv'ry that it wears,

' Than settled Age his Sables, and his Weeds,
' Importing Health and Graveness.' Two Months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I've seen myself, and serv'd against the *French*,
And they can well on Horseback : But this Gallant,
Had Witchcraft in't, he grew unto his Seat,
And to such wond'rous Doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave Beast : so far he topt my Thought,
That I in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman* was't ?

King. A *Norman*.

Laer. Upon my Life, *Lamcund*.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well, he is indeed
The Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made Confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly Report
For Art and Exercife in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you : The Fencers of their Nation
He swore had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er to play with you.
Now out of this ———

Laer. What out of this, my Lord ?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you ?
Or are you like the Painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart ?

Laer. Why ask you this ?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father,
' But that I know Love is begun by Time,
' And that I see in Passages of Proof,
' Time qualifies the Spark and Fire of it ;
' There lives within the very Flame of Love
' A kind of Wick or Snuff that will abate it,
' And nothing is at a like Goodness still :
' For Goodness growing to a Pleurisy,
' Dies in his own too much : that we would do,

- We should do when we would; for this *would* changes,
- And hath Abatements and Delays as many
- As there are Tongues, are Hands, are Accidents:
- And then this *should* is like a spend-thrift Sigh,
- That hurts by easing. But to the Business:

Hamlet comes back: what would you undertake
To shew yourself indeed your Father's Son
More than in Words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i'th' Church.

King. No Place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds: but, good *Laert's*,
Keep close within your Chamber;

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come home.

We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the Fame

The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your Heads; he being remiss,

Most generous, and free from all contriving,

Will not peruse the Foils; so that with Ease,

Or with a little Shuffling, you may chuse

A Sword unbaited, and in a Pass of Practice

Require him for your Father's Death.

Laer. I'll do't;

And for the Purpose I'll anoint my Sword:

I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,

So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,

Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,

Collected from all Simples that have Virtue

Under the Moon, can save the Thing from Death

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my Point

With this Contagion; that if I gall him slightly,

It may be Death.

King. Let's further think of this;

- Weigh what Conveyance both of Time and Means

- May fit us to our Shape. If this should fail,

- And that our Drift look thro' our bad Performance,

- 'Twere better not assay'd. Therefore this Project

- Should have a Back or Second that might hold

- If this should blast in Proof: soft — let me see —

- We'll make a solemn Wager on your Cunning.

I have't; when in your Motion you are hot and dry,

As make your Bouts more violent to that End,

And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him

A Chalice for the Purpose, whereon but tasting,
If he by Chance escape your venom'd Sword,
It shall be Death. But stay, what Noise?

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's Heel,
So fast they follow: your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There is a Willow growing o'er a Brook,
That shews his hoary Leaves i' th' glassy Stream,
Near which fantastic Garlands she did make
Of Crow-Flow'rs, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
' That lib'ral Shepherds give a grosser Name,
' But our cold Maids do dead Mens Fingers call them.'
There on the pendent Boughs her Coronet-weeds,
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious Shiver broke,
When down her weedy Trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping Brook: ' her Clothes spread wide,
' And Mermaid like, a while they bore her up,
' Which time she chaunted Remnants of old Lauds,
' As one incapable of her own Distress,
' Or like a Creature native and endued
' Unto that Element: but long it could not be,
' Till that her Garments, heavy with their Drink,
' Pull'd the gentle Maid from her melodious Lay
' To muddy Death.'

Laer. Alas then! is she drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: but yet
' It is our Trick.' Nature her Custom holds,
Let Shame say what it will; ' when these are gone,
' The Woman will be out.' Adieu, my Lord,
I have a Fire that fain would blaze,
But that this Folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*;
How much had I to do to calm his Rage!
Now I fear this will give it start again,
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter two Grave-diggers.

1 *Grave.* **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 *Grave.* I tell thee she is, therefore make her Grave frait; the Crowner hath set on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 *Grave.* How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own Defence?

2 *Grave.* Why 'tis found so.

1 *Grave.* It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else: for here lies the Point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches, it is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal* she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 *Grave.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 *Grave.* Give me leave; here lies the Water, good; here stands the Man, good; if the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is will he nill he; he goes, mark you that: but if the Water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself; *argal*, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 *Grave.* But is this Law?

1 *Grave.* Ay marry is't Crowner's Quest-Law.

2 *Grave.* Will you have the Truth on't? If this had not been a Gentlewoman, she should have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 *Grave.* Why there thou say'st; and the more Pity that great Folk should have Countenance in this World to drown or hang themselves more than we: Come, my Spade, there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-diggers; they hold up *Adam's* Profession.

2 *Grave.* Was he a Gentleman?

1 *Grave.* He was the first that ever bore Arms. I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the Purpose, confess thyself——

2 *Grave.* Go to.

1 *Grave.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2. *Grave.*

Prince of Denmark.

81

2 Grave. The Gallows-maker, for that out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 Grave. I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well; but how does it well? It does well to those that do ill; now thou do'st ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: *argal*, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 Grave. Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

1 Grave. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Grave. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Grave. To't.

2 Grave. Mafs I cannot tell.

1 Grave. Cudgel thy Brains no more about it, for your dull Afs will not mend his Pace with beating; and when thou art ask'd this Question next, say, A Grave-digger; the Houses he makes last till Doomsday.

Go, get thee in, and fetch me a Stoop of Liquor.

Exit 2 Grave.

In Youth when I did love, did love,

[Sings.

Methought it was very sweet.

To contract O the time for a my bebove

O methought there was nothing a meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no Feeling in his Business, that he sings in Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made in him a Property of Easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the Hand of little Employment hath the daintier Sense.

Grave. *But Age with stealing Steps*

[Sings.

Hath claw'd me in his Clutch,

And hath shipped me into the Land,

As if I had never been such.

Ham. That Scull had a Tongue in it, and could sing once; how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere Cain's Jaw-bone that did the first Murder: This might be the Pate of a Politician which this Afs now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. 'Or of a Courtier, which could say, Good-morrow, my Lord; how dost thou, sweet Lord? this might

'be my Lord such a one, that praised my Lord such a one's Horse, when he went to beg him; might it not?

'*Hor.* Ay, my Lord.

'*Ham.* Why e'en so, and now 'tis my Lady Worm's, chap'ess, and knock'd about the Mazzard with a Sexton's Spade; here's a fine Revolution, 'an we had the trick to see't: did these Bones cost no more the breeding but to play at Loggers with them? Mine ake to think on't.

Grave. *A Pickax and a Spade, a Spade,
For and a shrowding Sheet,
Or a Pit of Clay for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another, why may not that be the Skull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quiddities now, his Quillities, his Cases, his Tenures, and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this mad Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Actions of Battery? Hum; this Fellow might be in's Time a great Buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoveries: 'Is this the Fine of his Fines, and the Recovery of his Recoveries, to have his fine Pate full of fine Dirt?' Will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchasers and Doubles, than the Length and Breadth of a Pair of Indentures? The very Conveyances of his Land will scarcely lie in this Box, and must the Inheritor himself have no more? ha!

Hor. Not a jot more, my Lord.

'*Ham.* Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skins?

'*Hor.* Ay, my Lord, and of Calves-skins too.

Ham. 'They are Sheep and Calves who seek out Assurance in that.' I will speak to this Fellow: Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Grave. Mine, Sir—*Or a Pit of Clay for to be made.*

[Sings.

Ham. I think it's thine indeed, for thou ly'st in't.

Grave. You lye out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my part I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou dost lye in't, to be in't and say it is thine; 'tis for the Dead, and not for the Quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Grave.

Grave. 'Tis a quick Lye, Sir; 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Grave. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Grave. One that was a Woman, Sir; but, rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? We must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. *Horatio*, this three Years I have took notice of it, 'the Age is grown 'so picked,' that the Toe of the Peasant comes so near the Heel of the Courtier, he galls his Kibe. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Grave. Of all the Days i'th' Year, I came to't that Day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Grave. Cannot you tell that? every Fool can tell that: it was that very Day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad, and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Grave. Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there, there are Men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Grave. Faith e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what Ground?

Grave. Why here in *Denmark*; where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i'th' Earth ere he rot?

Grave. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many a pocky Corse that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years: a Tanner will last you nine Years.

Ham. Why he more than another?

Grave. Why, Sir, his Hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out Water a great while, and your Water is a fore Decayer of your whoreson dead Body: here's a Seull now hath lain you i'th' Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham.

Ham. Whose was it?

Grave. A whorefson mad Fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Grave. A Pestilence on him for a mad Rogue, he pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my Head once: this same Skull, Sir, was Sir *Torick's* Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Torick*! I knew him, *Horatio*, a Fellow of infinite Jest, of most excellent Fancy: he hath borne me on his Back a thousand times, 'and now how 'abhorr'd in my Imagination is it? my Gorge rises at it.' Here hung those Lips that I have kiss'd I know not how oft; where be your Jibes now, your Jests, your Songs, your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on roar? Not one now to mock your own Grinning? quite chopfaln! Now get you to my Lady's Table, and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick, to this Complexion she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithce, *Horatio*, tell me one Thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd on this Fashion i'th' Earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah.

[Smelling to the Skull.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return! *Horatio*, why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of *Alexander*, till we find it stopping a Bung hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a Jot; but to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and Likelihood to lead it. As thus, *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to Dust; the Dust is Earth, of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead, and turn'd to Clay,

Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away.

O that that Earth, which kept the World in Awe,

Should patch a Wall t'expel the Water's Flaw!

Prince of Denmark.

85

Scene draws, and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes, and Priest, with a Corse.

But soft, but soft awhile, here comes the King,
The Queen, and all the Court : who's this they follow,
And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Corse they follow'd did with desp'rate Hand
Destroy its own Life ; 'twere of some Estate :
Stand by awhile and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else ?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else ?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have Warranty ; her Death was doubtful ;
And, but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,
She should in Ground un sanctify'd be lodg'd ;
For charitable Prayers,
Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her :
Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden Strewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done ?

Priest. No more :

We should profane the Service of the Dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i'th' Earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted Flesh,
May Violets spring : I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou liest howling.

Ham. What the fair *Opbelia* !

Queen. Sweets to the Sweet, farewell.

[Throws in a Garland of Flowers.]

I hop'd thou should'st have been my *Hamlet's* Wife ;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble Woe !

Fall ten times double on that curst Head,
Whose wicked Deeds depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenuous Sense ; hold off the Earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms.

[Leaps into the Grave.]

Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made

T'o'er-

T' o'ertop old *Pelion*, or the skyish Head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he whose Grief
Bears such an Emphasis, whose Phrase of Sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded Hearers? It is I,

Hamlet the Dane.

[Leaps into the Grave.

Laer. Perdition catch thee!

[Grappling with him.

Ham. Thou pray'st not well:

I prithee take thy Fingers from my Throat,
For tho' I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy Wisdom fear——Hold off thy Hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

All. Gentlemen.

Hor. Good my Lord, be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him upon this Theme,
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my Son! what Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers,
Could not with all their Quantity of Love
Make up my Sum: What wilt thou do for her?

King. O he is mad, *Laertes*.

Queen. Forbear him.

Ham. Shew me what thou wilt do;

Wilt weep, wilt fight, wilt fast, wilt tear thy self,
Wilt drink up Eisel, eat a Crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?

Be bury'd quick with her, and so will I.

And if you prate of Mountains, let them throw

Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground

Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,

Make *Ossa* like a Wart: nay, an thou'lt mouthe,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere Madness,

And thus a-while the Fit will work on him;

Anon as patient as a female Dove,

When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd;

His Silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir,

What is the Reason that you use me thus?

I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter,

Let

Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, a Dog will have his Day.

[*Ex. Ham. and Hor.*

King. I pray thee good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
Strengthen your Patience in our last Night's Speech;

[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the Matter to the present Push;
Good *Gertrude*, set some Watch over your Son.

This Grave shall have a living Monument:

'An Hour of Quiet thereby shall we see,

'Till then in Patience our Proceedings be.' [Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, Sir, you shall now see th' other;
You do remember all the Circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord!

Ham. Sir, in my Heart there was a kind of fighting
That would not let me sleep. 'Methought I lay
'Worse than the Mutineers in the Bilboes, rashly,
'And prais'd be Rashness for it: let us know,
'Our Indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
'When our deep Plots do fail:' and that should learn us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our Ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my Cabbin,
My Sea-gown wrapt about me, in the Dark
I grop'd to find them out, had my Desire,
Reached their Packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own Room again, making so bold
(My Fears forgetting Manners) to unfold
Their grand Commission; where I found, *Horatio*,
An exact Command,

'Larded with many sev'ral sorts of Reasons
'Importing *Denmark's* Health, and *England's* too,
'With, ho! such Bugs and Goblins in my Life,
'That on the Supervise, no Leisure bated,
'No not to stay the grinding of an Ax,'
That soon as I to *England* came,
My Head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the Commission, read it at more Leisure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus be-netted round with Villains,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play: I sat me down,
Devis'd a new Commission, wrote it fair.

' I once did hold it, as our Statists do,
' A Baseness to write fair, and labour'd much
' How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
' It did me Yeoman's Service.' Wilt thou know
Th' Effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Conjururation from the King;
As *England* was his faithful Tributary,
As Love between them like the Palm might flourish,
As Peace should still her wheaten Garland wear,
' And stand a *Comma* 'tween their Amities,
' And many such like *As's* of great Charge,
That on the View of these Contents,
Without Debatement further more or less,
He should those Bearers put to sudden Death,
' Not Shriving-time allow'd.'

- *Hor.* How was this seal'd?

Ham. ' Why ev'n in that was Heaven ordant :'
I had my Father's Signet in my Pocket,
Which was the Model of that *Danish* Seal;
I folded the Writ up i'th' Form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave't th' Impression, plac'd it safely,
' The Changeling never known :' Now the next Day
Was our Sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So *Guildenstern* and *Rosencrans* went to't.

Ham. ' Why Man, they did make Love to this Employ-
They are not near my Conscience, their Defeat (ment,
Does by their own Insinuations grow;
' 'Tis dang'rous when the baser Nature comes,
' Between the Pass and fell incensed Point
' Of mighty Opposites.'

Hor. Why what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think you, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Stept in between th' Election and my Hopes,
Thrown out his Angle for my proper Life,
And with such Coz'nage, is't not perfect Conscience,
To quit him with this Arm? And is't not to be damn'd,

To

To let this Canker of our Nature come
In further Evil?

Enter Ostrick.

Off. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Dost know this Water-fly?

Her. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy State is the more gracious, for 'tis a Vice to know him, he hath much Land and fertile; let a Beast be Lord of Beasts, and his Crib shall stand at the King's Mefs; 'tis a Chough, but as I said, spacious in the Possession of Dirt.

Off. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at Leisure, I should impart a Thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all Diligence of Spirit: your Bonnet to his right Use, 'tis for the Head.

Off. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, it is very cold; the Wind is Northerly.

Off. Is is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot, or my Complexion—

Off. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how. My Lord, his Majesty bid me signify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your Head; Sir, this is the Matter.

Ham. I beseech you, remember.

Off. Nay, good my Lord, for my Ease. — Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of very soft Society and great Shew: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him; he is the very Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what Part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. Sir, his Desinement suffers no Loss in you, tho' I know to divide him inventorially would perhaps dizzy the Arithmetic of Memory, 'and yet but raw neither in 'respect of his quick Sail.' But in the Variety of Extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great Article; and his Infusion of such Dearth and Rareness, as, to make true Diction of him, his Semblable is his Mirror; and who else would trace him, his Umbrage, and nothing more.

Off. Your Lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir: why do we wrap the Gentleman in our rawer Breath?

Off.

Of. Sir.

Hor. 'Is't not possible to understand in another Tongue?
'You will do't, Sir, rarely.'

Ham. What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?

Of. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. Of him, Sir. 'His Purse is empty already, all's
'golden Words are spent.'

Of. I know you are not ignorant.

Ham. I would you did, Sir; yet if you did, it would
not much approve me—— well Sir.

Of. You are not ignorant of what Excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with
him in Excellence; for to know a Man well, were to know
himself.

Of. I mean, Sir, for his Weapon; 'but in the Imputa-
'tion laid on him by them in his Meed' he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his Weapon?

Of. Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses,
against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it, six *French*
Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hanger,
and so—— three of the Carriages are very dear to Fancy,
very responsive to the Hilt, most delicate Carriages, and
of very liberal Conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Hor. 'I knew you must be edified by the Margin,
'Ere you had done.'

Of. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more german to the Matter,
if we carry'd a Cannon by our Sides. 'I would it might
'be Hangers till then.' But on, six *Barbary* Horses against
six *French* Swords, their Poniards and Assigns, and three
liberal conceited Carriages, that's the *French* Bet against
the *Danish*, as I take it.

Of. The King hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen Passies
between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three
Hits; he hath laid twelve to nine, and it would come to
immediate Trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the
Answer.

Ham. How if I answer No?

Of. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in
Trial.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall, 'if it please his Majesty,' it is the breathing Time of the Day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his Purpose, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my Shame, and the odd Hits.

Ost. Shall I deliver it so?

Ham. To this Effect, Sir, after what Flourish your Nature will.

Ost. I commend my Duty to your Lordship. *[Exit.]*

Ham. Yours does well to commend itself, there's no Tongue else fit for its Turn.

Hor. This Lap-wing runs away with the Shell on his Head.

Ham. 'He did so, Sir, with his Dug before he suck'd it.' Thus has he, and many more of the same Breed, that I know, 'the drossy Age dotes on,' only got the Tune of the Time, a Habit of Encounter, a kind of yesty Collection, which carries them thro' and thro' the most fond and winnowed Opinions; and do but blow them to their Trials, the Bubbles are out.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Ostrick*, who brings back to him that you attend him in the Hall: he tends to know, if your Pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer Time?

Ham. I am constant to my Purposes, they follow the King's Pleasure; if his Fitness speaks, mine is ready, now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Gent. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy Time.

Gent. The Queen desires you to use some gentle Entertainment to *Laertes*, before you go to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual Practice; I shall win at the Odds: thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my Heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but Foolery; but it is such a kind of boding, as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your Mind dislike any thing, obey it; I will forestal their Repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy Augury : ' there is a special
' Providence in the Fall of a Sparrow ; if it be, 'tis not to
' come : if it be not to come, it will be now ; if it be not
' now, yet it will come : the Readiness is all, since no
' Man of aught he leaves knows what 'tis to leave be-
' times : let be.' [Exeunt.

*Scene draws, and discovers King, Queen, Laertes, Gentle-
men and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.*

King. Come *Hamlet*, come and take this Hand from me.

Ham. Give me your Pardon, Sir ; I've done you wrong.
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman : this Presence knows,
And you must needs have heard how I am punish'd
With a sore Distraction ; what I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was Madness.

' Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes* ? Never *Hamlet* ;

' If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,

' And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes*,

' Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it.

' Who does it then ? His Madness : if't be so,

' *Hamlet* is of the Faction that is wrong'd,

' His Madness is poor *Hamlet's* Enemy.'

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most gen'rous Thoughts,
That I have shot my Arrow o'er the House,
And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in Nature,
Whose Motive in this Case should stir me most
To my Revenge ; ' but in my Terms of Honour

' I stand aloof, and will no Reconcilement,

' Till by some elder Masters of known Honour

' I have a Voice and Precedent of Peace

' To keep my Name ungor'd : but till that Time

I do receive your offer'd Love like Love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.
Give us the Foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*, in mine Ign'rance ;
Your Skill shall, like a Star, i'th'darkest Night appear.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, on my Honour.

King.

King. Give them the Foils, young *Ostrick*: Cousin *Hamlet*, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord:

Your Grace has laid the Odds o' th' weaker Side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both;
But since he's better'd, we have therefore Odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me see another.

Ham. This likes me well; these Foils have all a Length.

Ost. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stoops of Wine upon the Table;
If *Hamlet* give the first or second Hit,
Or quit in answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ord'nance fire;
The King shall drink to *Hamlet's* better Breath,
And in the Cup an Onyx shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive Kings
In *Denmark's* Crown have worn. Give me the Cup,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heav'ns, the Heavens to Earth,
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*: come begin.

[*Trumpets the while.*]

And you the Judges, bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

(*and Shout.*)

Ost. A Hit, a very palpable Hit. [*Drums, Trumpets,*

Laer. Well—again. [*Flourish, a Piece goes off.*]

King. Stay, give me the Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is
thine. Here's to thy Health: Give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this Bout first, set it by a-while.
Come——another Hit——what say you?

Laer. I do confess't.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. 'He's fat and scant of Breath.'

Here *Hamlet*, 'take my Handkerchief, wipe thy Brows:'
The Queen salutes thy Fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my Lord, I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late. [*Aside*]

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam; by-and-by.

• *Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy Face.

Laer. My Lord, I'll hit him now.

King. I do not think't.

Laer. And yet it is almost against my Conscience. [*Aside.*

Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;

I pray you pass with your best Violence,

I'm sure you make a Wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so? Come on.

Os. Nothing neither way.

• *Laer.* Have at you now.

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; in scuffling they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

• *Ham.* Nay, come again.

Os. Look to the Queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both Sides: How is it, my Lord!

Os. How is't, *Laertes*?

Laer. Why, as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe;
I'm justly kill'd with mine own Treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen?

King. She swoons to see them bleed.

[*Hamlet,*

Queen. No, no, the Drink, the Drink, — O my dear

• The Drink, the Drink' — I'm poison'd.

[*She dies.*

Ham. O Villain! ho, let the Door be lock'd;
Treachery! seek it out.

Laer. It is here, *Hamlet* — thou art slain;
No Medicine in the World can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an Hour's Life:

The treach'rous Instrument is in thy Hand,

Unbated and envenom'd; the foul Practice

Hath turn'd itself on me, Lo! here I lie,

Never to rise again: thy Mother's poison'd,

I can no more — the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom'd too! Then, Venom, to thy
Work.

[*Stabs the King.*

All. Treason, Treason!

King. O yet defend me, Friends! I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou incestuous *Dan*;

• Drink off this Potion: is the Onyx here?

Follow my Mother.

[*King dies.*

Laer. • He's justly serv'd, it is a Poison temper'd by
Exchange Forgiveness with me; noble *Hamlet*; (himself.)

Mine

Mine and my Father's Death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me.

[Dies.

Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it, I follow thee ;
' I'm dead, *Horatio* ;' wretched Queen, farewell.
You that look pale and tremble at this Chance,
That are but Mutes or Audience to this Act,
Had I but Time, (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O ! I could tell you ;
But let it be ; *Horatio*, I am dead ;
Thou liv'st, report me and my Cause aright
To the Unsatisfy'd.

Hor. Never believe it.

I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a Man,
Give me the Cup ; let go, I'll hav't :
O good *Horatio*, think what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me:
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from Felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in Pain
To tell my Story : what warlike Noise is this ?

[A March afar off.

Enter Ostrick.

Ost. Young *Fortinbras* with Conquest come from *Poland*,
The Embassadors of *England* give this warlike Volley.

Ham. O ! I die, *Horatio*.

The potent Poison quite o'er-grows my Spirit ;
I cannot live to hear the News from *England* :
But I do prophesy th' Election lights
On *Fortinbras* ; he has my dying Voice,
So tell him, with th' Occurrents more and less
Which have solicited, O ——— the rest is Silence. [Dies.

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart ;
Good-night, sweet Prince,
And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.

' Why does the Drum come hither ?

' *Enter Fortinbras with the Embassadors.*

' *For.* Where is this Sight ?

' *Hor.* What is it you would see ?

' If aught of Woe or Wonder, cease your Search.

' *For.* This Quarry cries on Havock : O proud Death,

' What Feast is tow'ard in thine infernal Cell,

' That

' That thou so many Princes at a Shot,
 ' So bloodily hast struck ?
 ' *Embass.* The Sight is dismal,
 ' And our Affairs from *England* come too late ;
 ' The Ears are senseless that should give us hearing ;
 ' To tell him his Commandment is fulfill'd,
 ' That *Rosencraus* and *Guiltenstern* are dead.
 ' Where should we have our Thanks ?

' *Hor.* Not from his Mouth,
 ' Had he th' Ability of Breath to thank you ;
 ' He never gave Commandment for their Death.
 ' But since so apt upon this bloody Question,
 ' You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,
 ' Are here arriv'd, give Order that these Bodies
 ' High on a Stage be plac'd to publick View ;
 ' And let me speak to th' yet unknowing World,
 ' How these Things came about ; so shall you hear
 ' Of cruel, bloody and unnat'ral Acts,
 ' Of accidental Judgments, casual Slaughters,
 ' Of Deaths put on by Cunning, and forc'd Cause,
 ' And in this Upshot, Purposes mistook,
 ' Fall'n on th' Inventors Heads : all this can I
 ' Truly deliver.

' *For.* Let us haste to hear it,
 ' And call the Nobles to the Audience :
 ' For me, with Sorrow I embrace my Fortune ;
 ' I have some Rights of Mem'ry in this Kingdom,
 ' Which now to claim my Interest do invite me.
 ' *Hor.* Of that I shall have also Cause to speak,
 ' And from his Mouth whose Voice will draw no more :
 ' But let this same be presently perform'd,
 ' Ev'n while Mens Minds are wild, lest more Mischance
 ' On Plots and Errors happen.

' *For.* Let four Captains
 Bear *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage ;
 For he was likely, had he been put on,
 T' have prov'd most Royal : And for his Passage,
 The Soldiers Musick, and the Rites of War,
 Speak loudly for him.
 Take up the Bodies ; such a Sight as this
 Becomes the Field, but here shews much amiss,
 To bid the Soldiers shoot.